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A BOOK OF ANNIVERSARIES

COMPILED BY

P. ASKELL BENTON

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW NEW YORK
TORONTO MELBOURNE CAPE TOWN BOMBAY
1918

Price Three Shillings net

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BY FREDERICK HALL
AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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7-DEC. 1918
OXFORD

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NOTE

THE translation of *Catullus* under date of July 21 is published by the very kind permission of the Rev. G. S. Davies, Master of the Charterhouse, and the poem under September 4 by that of Mr. John Oxenham from his volume of poetry entitled *Bees in Amber.* Sir Herbert Stephen has given permission for the use of J. K. Stephen's sonnet (April 7), Messrs. Macmillan for George Wyndham's *À Cassandre*, and Mr. John Murray for W. E. Gladstone's translation of *Persicos odi* (May 19).

Some of the Scripture quotations have been taken from an admirable little book called *A Calendar of Scripture Quotations*, published anonymously, by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son in 1896.

The verses under January 21 and May 10 are taken from poems which are printed in full in a collection entitled *Songs of the South.*

Permission to publish the poems under date of August 28 from *The Lazy Minstrel*, by the late Mr. Ashby-Sterry, has kindly been given by his representative, Mr. A. Shillitoe, and by the publishers, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin.

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The Compiler's share of the proceeds of the sale of this book will be given to the London Committee of the French Red Cross.

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A BOOK OF ANNIVERSARIES

January 1

Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801.
Arthur Hugh Clough, b. 1819.
Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India, 1877.
Northern Nigeria proclaimed a Protectorate, 1900.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

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January 2

Publius Ovidius Naso, d. A.D. 17.
Titus Livius, d. A.D. 17.

Ille [Hasdrubal] pugnantes hortando pariterque obeundo pericula sustinuit; ille fessos abnuentesque taedio et labore nunc precando, nunc castigando accendit; ille fugientes revocavit omissamque pugnam aliquot locis restituit; postremo, quum haud dubie fortuna hostium esset, ne superstes tanto exercitui suum nomen secuto esset, concitato equo se in cohortem Romanam immisit; ibi, ut patre Hamilcare et Hannibale fratre dignum erat, pugnans cecidit.

LIVY, xxvii. 49.

January 3

St. Geneviève, patron saint of Paris.

Lutetia, the ancient Paris, or Lutetia Parisiorum, as it was called by the Romans, stood in the midst of marshes. The name, derived, suggestively enough, from *lutum*, the Latin for mud, has been invested with a peculiar significance by those stern moralists who see in Paris nothing but a sink of iniquity. . . .

The Emperor Julian, known as the 'Apostate', . . . retired to Lutetia for winter quarters and spoke of it ever afterwards as his 'dear Lutetia'.

'Lutetia laetitia!'—Paris is my joy! he might, with a certain modern writer, have exclaimed.

Old and New Paris, vol. i, p. 6, by H. S. EDWARDS.

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January 4

Roger Ascham, d. 1568.

To ride comely: to run fair at the tilt or ring: to play at all weapons: to shoot fair in bow, or surely in gun: to vault lustily: to run: to leap: to wrestle: to swim: to dance comely: to sing and play of instruments cunningly: to hawk: to hunt: to play at tennis and all pastimes generally, which be joined with labour, used in open place, and in the daylight, containing either some fine exercise for war or some pleasant pastime for peace, be not only comely and decent, but also very necessary for a courtly gentleman to use.

The Scholemaster, by ASCHAM.

The Persians taught their children three things: to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth.

January 5

Alexander Smith, d. 1867.

The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore his wedded bride,
And, in the fullness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.

A Life Drama, Scene vii, by ALEXANDER SMITH.

January 6

Epiphany.

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January 7

Sir Thomas Lawrence, d. 1830.

January 8

General Baldomero Espartero, Duque de Vitoria, d. 1879

January 9

Napoleon III, d. 1873.

God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crooked ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
2 Henry IV, Act IV, Sc. iv, by SHAKESPEARE.

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January 10

January 11

Sir James Paget, b. 1814.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Hamlet, Act III, Sc. iv, by SHAKESPEARE.

January 12

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January 13

Arrival at Jellalabad of Dr. Brydone, 1842.

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Hohenlinden, by THOMAS CAMPBELL.

January 14

Pierre Loti (*Louis Marie Julien Viaud*), b. 1850.

O Christ de ceux qui pleurent, ô Vierge calme et blanche, ô tous les mythes adorables que rien ne remplacera plus, ô vous qui seuls donnez le courage de vivre aux mères sans enfants et aux fils sans mère, ô vous qui faites les larmes couler plus douces et qui mettez, au bord du trou noir de la mort, votre sourire, — soyez bénis !

Et nous, qui vous avons perdus, pour jamais, baisons, en pleurant, dans la poussière, la trace que vos pas ont laissée, en s'éloignant de nous.

Matelot, chap. liv, par PIERRE LOTI.

January 15

Emma, Lady Hamilton, d. 1815.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

An English Padlock, by MATTHEW PRIOR.

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January 16

Lieut.-General Sir John Moore, d. 1809.

Make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave; . . . he shall be interred
As soldiers can.

Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. ii, by SHAKESPEARE.

January 17

David Lloyd George, b. 1863.
Edmond François Valentin About, d. 1885.

Grown of late
Quite from the main opinion he held once.

Julius Caesar, Act II, Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

On danse un peu partout, mais on ne s'amuse au bal que chez les bonnes gens de province. Les occasions de plaisir sont si rares dans une petite ville, que chacun veut s'en donner tout son soûl. Les femmes n'ont point à ménager leurs forces pour les autres bals de la semaine. Les jeunes filles ne jouent pas la comédie; à quoi bon? Elles sont en pays de connaissance. . . . Les jeunes gens ne font pas les hommes sérieux; ils ne vont pas dans les coins discuter sur la Bourse ou la politique; ils dansent à toutes jambes et ils ont joliment raison! . . . Comme les jeunes personnes riaient de bon cœur à l'aspect de leurs rubans froissés, de leur bouquet écrasé, de leurs volants en lambeaux qu'elles amputaient héroïquement elles-mêmes! Que le plaisir est bon! que la jeunesse est heureuse! Que les ambitions, les jalousies, les calculs et toutes les noirceurs de la vie sont sottes en comparaison de tout cela!

Madelon, chap. xix, par E. ABOUT.

Nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa.

HORACE, *Carm.* i. 9. 15.

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January 18

Austin Dobson, b. 1840.

Now the Graces are four, and the Venuses two,
And ten is the number of Muses;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,—
My dear little Molly Trefusis.

Molly Trefusis, by A. DOBSON.

January 19

Ciudad Rodrigo stormed, 1812.

January 20

Jean François Millet, d. 1875.

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January 21

Lieut.-General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, b. 1824.

We see him now,—the old slouched hat
  Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
  So calm, so blunt, so true.
The 'Blue-Light Elder' knows 'em well;
Says he, 'That's Banks,—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him —'; well,
  That's 'Stonewall Jackson's way'.

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
  Old Blue-Light's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
  Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
  Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy Rod!
  'Amen!' That's 'Stonewall's way'.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
  Steady! the whole Brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
  His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
'Quick-step! we're with him before morn!'
  That's 'Stonewall Jackson's way'.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
  Of morning, and by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
  Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
'Bay'nets and grape!' hear Stonewall roar;
'Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!'
    Is 'Stonewall Jackson's way'.

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn,
  For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
  That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
    That gets in 'Stonewall's way'.

Stonewall Jackson's Way, by JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

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January 22

Sir Frederick Dealtry Lugard, D.S.O., C.B., G.C.M.G., b. 1858.

We were halted . . . to fire salutes for the Governor of Bombay's visit to the . . . Exhibition. During this tour, on one side of a triumphal arch erected in his honour, appeared the inscription 'The Governor is coming', and on the reverse the words 'God help us!'

Leaves from the Diary of a Soldier and Sportsman, p. 85, by Sir MONTAGU GERARD.

Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

. . . . . .

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

A Song of the English, by RUDYARD KIPLING.

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January 23

Charles Kingsley, d. 1875.

When all the world is young, lad,
  And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
  And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
  And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
  And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
  The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
  You loved when all was young.

C. KINGSLEY.

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January 24

Major-General Robert Craufurd, d. 1812.

One of his strongest principles had been that troops on the march must never make a detour to avoid fordable streams or deep mud, nor break their ranks to allow each man to pick shallow water, or hard stones among the wet. The delay so caused was, he held, such a hindrance to rapid movement that it must not be allowed. He had been known to flog men who straggled from the ranks in the water, in order to fill their bottles, or to stoop down to take a long drink . . . ! Coming back from Craufurd's funeral, the leading company of the Light Division passed by an excavation at the rear of the siege works, half filled by mud and water. Instead of turning its end to avoid the wet, the men looked at the inundation, pulled themselves together, and marched straight through it, with great regularity and steadiness, as if they were passing before a general officer at a review. The whole division followed through the slush. It seemed to them that the best testimony to their old commander's memory was to honour his best-known theory, when he was no longer there to enforce its acceptance by his usual drastic methods.

Wellington's Army, p. 149, by C. W. C. OMAN.

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January 25

Robert Burns, b. 1759.
Marriage of the Princess Royal of England to the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia, 1858.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Epistle of St. James, i. 17.

Before ye gie poor frailty names
Suppose a change o' cases.

BURNS.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

The Tempest, Act I, Sc. ii. 120, by SHAKESPEARE.

January 26

Major-General Charles George Gordon, d. 1885.

. . . the divine injunction to soldiers to be satisfied with their pay. Sir William Butler used to say that Gordon was the only soldier he knew who ever was satisfied with it.

The End of a Chapter, chap. ix, by SHANE LESLIE.

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January 27

William II, German Emperor, b. 1859.

Count. De grand monarch, my *maître*, wantè me for a lieutenan-general, to makè de war again Holland and Flandre, to burna de house, and to killè de man, voman, and shildè, as de great monarch does, for his glory. And I vill speakè one proud vord for myself; he has not one officier in his armee dat burn, makè de ravage, and killè de man, voman, and shildè, better den myself; no indeed.

Mrs. Fantast. Eh, *mon Dieu!* that is *sanglant cruelle.*

Count. Pardon mee, madam, is de discipline of war to puttè de village and de house in flamè, and vid de pistolet to shoot de voman paph in de eare vid big bellees, and de oder vid de shildè in dere arm paph paph, ver dum, ver dum, paph, paph, and to puttè de pike an alf pike into de littel suck shildè, and dey sprawl, sprawl, vid deir arm and deir leg, and make de ver pretty sight; and take de littel boy and de garle, soe high, soe high, soe high, and stickè, and stickè de rapier into de bodee, madam.

Mrs. Fantast. This is very bloody.

Count. Oh, no, madam; dey be de enemee; de great hero always burne and killè de man, voman, and shildè, for deir glory.

Bury Fair, Act iii, Sc. i, by THOMAS SHADWELL.

January 28

Henry VIII, d. 1547.
Surrender of Paris, 1871.

Henry, born a prince, became a butcher; Wolsey, a butcher, became a prince. . . . Henry was not only a butcher of his wives, he resembled a brother of the trade. . . . His pleasures were of the same order; his language was coarse and jovial; he had the very straddle of a fat butcher, as he stands in his doorway.

The Town, chap xi, by LEIGH HUNT.

She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!

Lamentations i. 1.

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January 29

St. François de Sales.

Of short sermons he approved extremely—'The more you say the less they will retain' was his maxim.

January 30

King Charles the Martyr executed, 1649.
Walter Savage Landor, b. 1775.

Almighty and everlasting God, whose righteousness is like the strong mountains and thy judgements like the great deep, and who, by that barbarous murder, as on this day, committed upon the sacred person of thine Anointed, hast taught us, that neither the greatest of kings, nor the best of men, are more secure from violence than from natural death: Teach us also hereby so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Prayer Book service for January 30.

Charles's ingenuity might reconcile him to large concessions of a nature unfavourable to the Church: but death was easier for him than its unreserved abandonment. He never, like Napoleon the first in his period of spiritual decadence, or like Frederick of Prussia from first to last, took evil into his service, and resolved to succeed at whatever moral cost. Charles died clinging to the hem of Christ's garment, and this separates him spiritually by the deepest of all chasms from the man whose god is success.

The Chief Actors in the Puritan Revolution, p. 201, by PETER BAYNE.

Johnson. When a gentleman takes it into his head to conciliate the rabble, I deny his discretion and I doubt his honesty.

Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke, by W S. LANDOR.

The mob is seldom right, and then only for a wrong reason.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est ubi peccat.

HORACE, *Epistles*, ii. 1. 63.

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January 31

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, d. 1891.

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February 1

Partridge and Pheasant shooting ends.
St. Ignatius.

He is always considered to have been the little child whom Jesus 'set in the midst' and said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven'.

February 2

February 3

Frank S. Brown, Sergeant in Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, shot during his first day in the trenches, at St. Éloi, 1915.

The bugle bawls a sharp 'Fall In',
  The section sergeants shout;
A stampede on the markers,
  And the company turns out.
And now you have us into line,
  Just cast your eye within,
And read the tale of these soldiers hale
  Who answered the cry 'Fall In!'

That guy with the coat split up the back,
  And his forage-cap aslant,
Is a minister's son—and a son of a gun.
  You should hear the bounder rant
When the rations aren't quite up to scratch,
  Or his rifle jams his thumb.
He slips a cog, and a language fog
  Spurts up and begins to hum.

Contingent Ditties, by F. S. BROWN.

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February 4

St. Veronica.

According to some accounts, she was a daughter of Salome and niece of Herod. Others say that she was the woman healed of an issue of blood.

February 5

February 6

Charles II, d. 1685.

He gathered all his strength to speak his last words to the duke [of York]. . . . He recommended Lady Portsmouth over and over again to him. He said, he had always loved her, and he loved her now to the last; and besought the duke, in as melting words as he could fetch out, to be very kind to her and to her son. He recommended his other children to him: and he concluded, Let not poor Nelly starve; that was Mrs. Gwyn.

History of My Own Time, Book III, chap. xvii,
by GILBERT BURNET.

Our Lady of Laughter, invoked in no psalter,
Adored of no faithful that cringe and that palter,
Praise be with thee yet from a hag-ridden age.

Our Lady of Pity thou wast: and to thee
All England, whose sons are the sons of the sea,
Gives thanks, and will hear not if history snarls
When the name of the friend of her sailors is spoken;
And thy lover she cannot but love—by the token
That thy name was the last on the lips of King Charles.

Nell Gwyn, by A. C. SWINBURNE.

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February 7

Sir Thomas More, b. 1478.
Annexation of Oude proclaimed, 1856.

Sayth Erasmus :—'" Not manie Wise are called." Plato had clomb a hill in the Darke, and stoode calling to his Companions below, "Come on, come on! this way lies the East; I am avised we shall see the Sun rise anon". But they never did. What a Christian he would have made! Ah! he is one now. He and Socrates—the veil long removed from their eyes—are sitting at Jesus' Feet.'

The Household of Sir Thomas More, by MISS MANNING.

Peccavi! I've *Scinde*, said Lord Ellen so proud—
Dalhousie, more modest, said *Vovi*, I've *Oude*!

History of 'Punch', p. 361, by M. H. SPIELMANN.

February 8

Sir Francis Hastings Charles Doyle, Bart., d. 1888.

February 9

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, b. 1863.

'The Governor 's infernally unreasonable,' said George fretfully. . . . 'He talked rot about getting on in the world. Who wants to get on?'

'Who indeed?' said I. 'It is only changing what you are for something no better.'

Dolly Dialogues, chap. x, by ANTHONY HOPE.

'Economy', I remarked, 'is going without something you do want in case you should, some day, want something which you probably won't want.'

Dolly Dialogues, chap. xii, by ANTHONY HOPE.

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February 10

Eleanor Ambrose, Lady Palmer, d. 1818.

During the period of Lord Chesterfield's viceroyalty of Ireland (1745-7), Miss Ambrose was pre-eminent among the court beauties. Chesterfield himself greatly admired her, and was said to have called her 'the most dangerous papist in Ireland'. At a ball given at Dublin Castle on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, when she appeared with an orange lily at her breast, the lord-lieutenant improvised the lines:

> Say, lovely Tory, where's the jest
> Of wearing orange on thy breast,
> When that same breast uncovered shows
> The whiteness of the rebel rose?

Dict. of National Biography.

February 11

Joannes Antonios, Count Capo D'Istria, b. 1776.

February 12

Abraham Lincoln, b. 1809.

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February 13

Massacre of Glencoe, 1692.

7. They cause the naked to lodge without clothing, that they have no covering in the cold.

8. They are wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter.

9. They pluck the fatherless from the breast. . . .

14. The murderer rising with the light killeth the poor and needy, and in the night is as a thief.

Job xxiv.

February 14

St. Valentine.
Israel Zangwill, b. 1864.

The shortest cut is past the prettiest woman.

The Grey Wig and Other Stories, by I. ZANGWILL.

If you have money enough, the giving of presents is a form of self-indulgence. There is nothing more delightful than choosing things for people, thinking what will give them pleasure and make them feel what a nice person you are, and purchasing and presenting them at no cost to yourself.

Hilary Thornton, Part II, chap. ii, by HUBERT WALES.

February 15

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February 16

Heinrich Barth, b. 1821.

February 17

Charles Stuart Calverley, d. 1884.

February 18

Galileo Galilei, b. 1564.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

Hudibras, by SAMUEL BUTLER.

Surrender of Mora by Capt. E. von Raben, 1916.

And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

Lays of Ancient Rome, by MACAULAY.

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February 19

Edgar Allan Poe, b. 1809.

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Hamlet, Act I, Sc. v, by SHAKESPEARE.

February 20

February 21

Cardinal John Henry Newman, b. 1801.

A gentle convertite.

King John, Act v. Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

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February 22

Rev. William Barnes, b. 1801.

FATHERHOOD.

Though 'tis hard stripes to breed em all up,
  If I'm only a-blest vrom above,
  They'll make me amends wi' their love,
Vor their pillow, their pleäte, an' their cup;
Though I shall be never a-spweil'd
  Wi' the sarvice that money can buy;
Still the hands ov a wife and a child
  Be the blessèns ov low or ov high;
An' if there be mouths to be ved
He that zent em can zend me their bread,
    An' will smile on the chile
      That's a-new on the knee.

Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect, by W. BARNES.

THE VAÏCES THAT BE GONE.

How mother, when we used to stun
Her head wi' all our naïsy fun,
Did wish us all a-gone vrom hwome:
An' now that zome be dead, an' zome
A-gone, an' all the pleäce is dum',
  How she do wish, wi' useless tears,
  To have ageän about her ears
    The vaïces that be gone.

Ibid.

February 23

Gustav Nachtigal, b. 1854.

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February 24

George Frederick Handel, b. 1685.

Let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd choir below!
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

MILTON.

February 25

February 26

Christopher Marlowe, baptized 1564.

Faust. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
[*Kisses her.*]
Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.

. . . . . .

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele:
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms:
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Dr. Faustus, Scene xiv, by C. MARLOWE.

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February 27

John Keats, d. 1821.
Battle of Majuba, 1881.
Battle of Paardeberg, 1900.
Battle of Pieter's Hill, 1900.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Ode to a Nightingale, by JOHN KEATS.

Majuba was lost on the playing fields of Lords.

The Grey Wig and Other Stories, by I. ZANGWILL.

February 28

Battle of El Teb, 1884.
Relief of Ladysmith, 1900.

February 29 *Leap-year Day*

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.

Isaiah iv. 1.

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March 1

St. David.

In the year 640 the British, under Cadwallader, gained a great victory over the Saxons, and St. David is considered to have contributed to this success by his prayers, and by the regulation he adopted of rendering the Britons known to each other by the wearing of leeks in their caps drawn from a garden near the field of action, and from this circumstance arose the practice of the Welsh wearing leeks on St. David's day. This custom was personally observed by King George II and the rest of the royal family as late as 1755.

March 2

Pope Leo XIII, b. 1810.

O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world.

As You Like It, Act II, Sc. iii, by SHAKESPEARE.

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March 3

George Herbert, d. 1633.
Thomas Otway, b. 1652.

Jesu is in my heart, His sacred name
Is deeply carved there: but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Even all to pieces, which I went to seek.
And first I found the corner which was J,
After where ES and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is Jesu.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Jaffier. O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

Venice Preserved, Act I, Sc. i, by T. OTWAY.

March 4

Samuel Rawson Gardiner, b. 1829.

March 5

Henry II, b. 1133.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

King John, Act IV, Sc. ii, by SHAKESPEARE.

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March 6

Louisa Mary Alcott, d. 1888.

March 7

Battle of Barrosa, 1811.

Graham led the centre of his own left brigade like a general of the Middle Ages, riding ten yards ahead of the line with his plumed hat waving in his right hand, and his white hair streaming in the wind.

Wellington's Army, p. 125, by C. W. C. OMAN.

March 8

Jean-Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, d. 1844.

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March 9

William Cobbett, b. 1766.

March 10

John Bacchus Dykes, b. 1823.

March 11

General Sir James Outram, d. 1863.

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March 12

Major William Stephen Raikes Hodson, d. 1858.

Hostibus haud tergo sed forti pectore notus.

March 13

Battle of Jarnac, 1569.

March 14

Battle of Ivry, 1590.

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March 15

Caius Julius Caesar, d. 44 B.C.
William Lamb, 2nd Viscount Melbourne, b. 1779.
Sokoto, Northern Nigeria, occupied by a British force, 1903.

'Veni, vidi, vici.' 'Weeny, weedy, weaky'; is that the language of a dominant, imperial race?

'*Punch*' on the new pronunciation of Latin.

March 16

March 17

St. Patrick.
Marcus Aurelius, d. 180 A.D.
Princess Patricia of Connaught, b. 1886.

Sic vivere cum hominibus tanquam Deus videat, sic vivere cum Deo tanquam homines audiant.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

Εὐδαίμων ὁ βλέπων σε,
τρισόλβιος ὅστις ἀκούει,
ἡμίθεός δ' ὁ φιλῶν,
ἀθάνατος δ' ὁ συνών.

Greek Anthology.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,
But blest is he who hears thy voice,
A demi-god who shall thee kiss,
Who gains thee is a god in bliss.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

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March 18

Laurence Sterne, d. 1768.

March 19

Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, d. 1711.
David Livingstone, b. 1813.
Grand-Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, b. 1849.

EVENING HYMN.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

THOMAS KEN.

[Apparently Ken first wrote

Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

And afterwards changed this to

To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Modern hymnal compilers seem to have combined the two readings.

vid. E. H. Plumptre, *Life of Ken*, vol. ii, p. 212.]

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

JUVENAL, *Satires*, ii. 83.

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March 20

Eaton Stannard Barrett, d. 1820.

Not she with traitr'ous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.
Whelm her with wrongs, her sacred trust reveal;
Asperse her, spurn her; then repent and kneel—
This expiates error, this her pity moves;
For pardon is the vengeance Woman loves.

Woman, Part I, by E. S. BARRETT.

O, give me, heaven, to sweeten latter life,
And mend my wayward heart, a tender wife;
Who soothes me, tho' herself with anguish wrung,
Nor renders ill for ill, nor tongue for tongue.
Sways by persuading, kisses off my frown,
And reigns unarmed, a queen without a crown.
Alike, to please me, her accomplished hand
The harp and homely needle can command;
And learning with such grace her tongue applies,
Her very maxims wear a gay disguise.
Neat for my presence, as if princes came,
And modest, even to me, with bridal shame;
A friend or playmate, as my wishes call,
A ready nurse, tho' summoned from a ball,
She holds in age that conquest youth achieved,
Loves without pomp and pleases unperceived.

Ibid., Part III.

March 21

Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, duc d'Enghien, d. 1804.

March 22

Sir Anthony Vandyk, b. 1599.

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March 23

James I, d. 1625.

The Court of James I was a great falling off from that of Elizabeth, in point of decency. It was Sir Toby keeping house after the death of Olivia.

The Town, chap. xi, by LEIGH HUNT.

March 24

Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield, d. 1773

Within half an hour of the end his friend Dayrolles visited the sick-chamber, and the earl's dying words were 'Give Dayrolles a chair'.

Dict. of National Biography.

At last he [George IV] did expire rather more quickly than was expected. Feeling a sudden thrill of pain, he exclaimed, 'This is death! Send directly for Sir Henry!'—and he died in the act of making a friendly inclination of the head to Halford on his entering the apartment.

Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, p. 257, by PHILIP HENRY, EARL STANHOPE.

March 25

Annunciation B. V. M. Lady Day.

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March 26

Catherine Maria Fanshawe, d. 1816.
Cecil Rhodes, d. 1902.

RIDDLE ON THE LETTER H.

'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death,
Presides o'er his happiness, honour, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils, and with monarchs is crown'd.
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlpool of passion be drown'd.
'Twill not soften the heart; but though deaf be the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah, breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

C. M. FANSHAWE.

> Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
> Like a Colossus.
>
> *Julius Caesar*, Act I, Sc. ii, by SHAKESPEARE.

March 27

Georges Eugène, Baron Haussmann, b. 1809

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March 28

George I, b. 1660.

So unpopular did the new king become, that the German ladies of the Court could scarcely take an airing without being jeered at by the people. Rumour said that they came to England for the purpose of amassing money to send to Hanover, and the humbler classes especially felt very sore on the subject. One day, one of these ladies, irritated or alarmed by the popular cries, put her head out of the carriage window, and said in broken English, 'Why do you abuse us, good peoples? We come for all your goods'. On this a fellow in the mob roared out, 'Yes, and for all our chattels too'.

A Class-Book History of England, p. 408,
by DAVID MORRIS.

March 29

Marshal Nicolas Jean de Dieu Soult, duc de Dalmatie, b. 1769.

March 30

Sicilian Vespers, 1282.

And when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses.

2 Kings xix. 35.

March 31

Abbé Evariste Regis Huc, d. 1860.

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April 1

All Fools Day.

The simple believeth every word, but the prudent man looketh well to his going.

Proverbs xiv. 15.

April 2

Émile Zola, b. 1840.

I beheld the world . . .
Till down upon the filthy ground I dropped,
And tore the violets up to get the worms.

Mrs. BROWNING.

April 3

St. Benedict the Blackamoor.

He was the son of Christian Negro slaves, who had vowed to live in continence, to save any children they might have from being bound to the same misery as themselves; but their master, promising freedom to their first-born, heaven bestowed on them a son. As a boy St. Benedict had charge of sheep, and among the mountains he passed long hours in prayer, and at the age of twenty-one was received into the Order of Hermits of St. Francis. Legend says that once, when acting as cook, food was not procurable, but by his prayers some water was found to be alive with fish. Died at Palermo 1589.

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April 4

Marshal André Masséna, Duc de Rivoli, Prince d'Essling, d. 1817.

A great general—a great brute.

The Velvet Glove, by H. SETON MERRIMAN.

April 5

Algernon Charles Swinburne, b. 1837.
Edward Henry Pember, K.C., d. 1911.

Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean, the world has grown grey from thy breath,
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death.

Hymn to Proserpine, by A. C. SWINBURNE.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The Garden of Proserpine, by A. C. SWINBURNE.

Mr. Pember it was who, asked to explain why Admiralty and Divorce were associated in the same Division of the Law Courts, replied that it was in honour of Venus who rose from the sea.

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April 6

Badajos captured, 1812.

Picton's manners, we gather, were those of the barrack-room; he was a hard-drinking, hard-swearing, rough-and-ready customer. Wellington, who was not squeamish, called him a 'rough, foul-mouthed devil as ever lived, but he always behaved extremely well on service'. The notorious Duke of Queensberry, 'old Q.', was his friend and admirer, and left him a good legacy of £5,000 in his will. Old Q.'s model heroes were not of the Wesleyan Methodist type. One of the strongest impressions left on one's mind by the diaries of those who served under him is that of his astounding power of malediction. Kincaid's account of the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo is dominated by 'the voice of Sir Thomas Picton, with the power of twenty trumpets proclaiming damnation to all and sundry'. But if he was destitute of all the graces and some of the virtues, Picton was a very fine soldier, with a quick eye, unlimited self-confidence, and the courage of ten bulldogs.

Wellington's Army, p. 129, by C. W. C. OMAN.

The third division, which stormed the castle of Badajos, was led in person by Picton, who was wounded. . . . Picton's wound laid him up during the shameless sack of the place which tarnished the heroism of that awful night. A few days later Picton gave a guinea to each survivor in his division as a mark of his approval.

Dict. of Nat. Biog.

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April 7

William Wordsworth, b. 1770.

A SONNET.

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A. B. C.
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

Lapsus Calami and Other Verses, by J. K. STEPHEN.

April 8

Philip IV of Spain, b. 1605.

What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

Henry V, Act IV, Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

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April 9

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, d. 1626.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice. . . . This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.

Essay on Revenge, by FRANCIS BACON.

It does not so much matter how an injury is done, as how it is borne.

Seneca—a Selection, p. 31, by H. C. SIDLEY.

It does not matter what you bear, but how you bear it.

Ibid., p. 1.

Revenge is an admission that we have been hurt. That cannot be a great mind which is disturbed by injury. He who has hurt you must be either stronger or weaker than yourself. If he be weaker spare him : if he be stronger, spare yourself.

Ibid., p. 24.

April 10

Thomas Hart Benton, d. 1858.

April 11

John Davidson, b. 1857.

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April 12

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet, d. 1704.

April 13

Comte Laurent Gouvion, Marshal St. Cyr, b. 1764.

[Copley] Fielding told us that when St. Cyr in the beginning of the Revolution happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe) and gave his name, Monsieur de St. Cyr, the clerk answered :

Il n'y a pas de De.
Eh bien ! Monsieur St. Cyr.
Il n'y a pas de Saint.
Diable ! Monsieur Cyr, donc.
Il n'y a pas de Sire ; nous avons décapité le tyran.

THOMAS MOORE, *Journal*, 28 May, 1821.

April 14

Samuel Moses James Woods, b. 1868.

A renowned out-hitter, good to finish a score brilliantly. . . . Sensible of the joys of a great spanking hit.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

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April 15

Père Damien (*Joseph de Veuster*), d. 1889.

April 16

Battle of Culloden, 1746.

April 17

Sir John Colborne, 1st Baron Seaton, d. 1863.

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April 18

August Heinrich Petermann, b. 1822.

April 19

Battle of Lexington, 1775.
George Gordon, 6th Lord Byron, d. 1824.
Benjamin Disraeli, 1st Earl of Beaconsfield, d. 1881.

> Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
> Streams like the thunderstorm *against* the wind;
> Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and dying,
> The loudest still the tempest leaves behind.
>
> *Childe Harold*, Canto IV, stanza xcviii, by BYRON.

April 20

Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, 1653.
Napoleon III, b. 1808.

> But as for you all, do ye return, . . . for I cannot find one honest man among you.
>
> *Job* xvii. 10.

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April 21

April 22

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, d. 1908.

April 23

William Shakespeare, b. 1564; d. 1616.
J. M. W. Turner, b. 1775.
William Wordsworth, d. 1850.
Edwin Markham, b. 1852.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There 's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

(Hallam, *Literature of Europe*, vol. iii, p. 147, considers this 'the most sublime passage perhaps in Shakespeare.')

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April 24

Anthony Trollope, b. 1815.

He was a devout good man . . . but deficient in one vital qualification for a clergyman of the Church of England ; he was not a gentleman.

Rachel Ray, chap. vi, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The ideal of the English Church has been to provide a resident gentleman for every parish in the kingdom, and there have been worse ideals. In the good old days the parson read Horace and rode to hounds. Since agricultural depression has set in, the curate reads Kipling and plays football.

The End of a Chapter, chap. v, by SHANE LESLIE.

April 25

Oliver Cromwell, b. 1599.

Cromwell said he hoped he should make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been.

History of My Own Time, Book I, chap. v, by GILBERT BURNET.

April 26

Ferdinand Victor Eugène Delacroix, b. 1798.

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April 27

Edward Gibbon, b. 1737.

My principal obligation to the militia was the making me an Englishman, and a soldier. . . . The captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire.

Autobiography, by EDWARD GIBBON.

April 28

S.S. Benton of Singapore foundered, 150 lives lost (announced) 1887.

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April 29

Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington, b. 1769.
General Boulanger, b. 1837.

We would rather see his long nose in the fight than a reinforcement of ten thousand men any day.

Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, chap. vi,
by Capt. J. KINCAID.

It was the Duke of Wellington's advice to Sir George Murray, when he said he should never be able to get on with speaking in the Commons, 'Say what you have to say, don't quote Latin, and sit down'.

Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, chap. xi,
by Sir G. O. TREVELYAN.

Have something to say. Say it. Stop talking.

The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son,
by G. H. LORIMER.

The Duke has now staying with him two little children of Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor, who are gone abroad, and his conduct to these chicks displays a kindheartedness and warmth of feeling such as their own parents could not surpass, but such as the Duke displays to all. . . . The children having expressed their desire to receive letters by the post, the Duke every morning writes a little letter to each of them, containing good advice for the day, which is regularly delivered to them when the post comes in.

It also appears that the Duke gratifies *Bo*, as they call little Robert, by playing almost every morning with him at football on the ramparts [of Walmer Castle]. We saw him playing with them with cushions in the drawing-room before dinner.

Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, p. 107,
by PHILIP HENRY, EARL STANHOPE.

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April 30

Battle of Fontenoy, 1745.

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May 1

Joseph Addison, b. 1672.
John Dryden, d. 1700.

Difficilis facilis, iucundus acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

MARTIAL, xii. 47.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

ADDISON, in No. 68 of *The Spectator*.

Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora,
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellae risus ab angulo
Pignusque dereptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.

HORACE, *Carm.* i. 9. 19.

The appointed hour of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark;
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

DRYDEN.

May 2

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May 3

May 4

Battle of Tewkesbury, 1471.
Battle of Seringapatam, 1799.

May 5

Napoleon I, d. 1821.
Empress Eugénie, b. 1826.

Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt.

Genesis xlvii. 29.

I used to say of him [Napoleon] that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men.

Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, p. 9, by PHILIP HENRY, EARL STANHOPE.

Buonaparte's mind was, in its details, low and ungentlemanlike. I suppose the narrowness of his early prospects stuck to him. What *we* understand by *gentlemanlike* feelings he knew nothing at all about.

Wellington to Croker, *Croker Papers*, i. 339.

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May 6

Maximilien Marie Isidore Robespierre, b. 1758.

It was the *rôle* of the actresses to keep the peace among the partisans; they succeeded, at any rate, in giving them something besides politics to quarrel about. Saint-Just, for instance, quarrelled with Vergniaud about Mlle Rivière, the dancer; while Mlle Sainval's preference for Louvet brought Mlle Montansier [the theatre-manageress] a threatening letter from the revolutionist who prided himself on his incorruptibility:

'Citizeness,

They tell me that the wit of France has taken refuge in your theatre—but it must not be exercised at my expense. I respect your pleasures, and I require that you should respect mine. They are few enough, owing to my grave preoccupations.

ROBESPIERRE.'

—a communication which throws fresh light upon the seagreenness of the seagreen one, and indicates that there were wheels within wheels in the ferocious attitude of the Mountain towards the Gironde.

Romance of the French Theatre, p. 160,
by FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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May 7

Robert Browning, b. 1812.
Archibald Philip Primrose, 5th Earl of Rosebery, b. 1847.

I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one more day am I deified.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?
. . . . . .
There's many a crown for who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
My riding is better by their leave.

The Last Ride Together, by R. BROWNING.

Always wind up your watch and verify your quotations.

Speech by LORD ROSEBERY *on November 23, 1897.*

May 8

New Reading-room at British Museum opened, 1857.

May 9

Battle of Auldearn, 1645.

Digitized by Google

May 10

Lieut.-General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, d. 1863.

The legions who had seen his glance
  Across the carnage flashing,
And thrilled to catch his ringing 'charge!'
  Above the volley crashing;
Who oft had watched the lifted hand
  The inward trust betraying,
And felt their courage grow sublime
  While they beheld him praying.

Good knights, and true as ever drew
  Their swords with knightly Roland,
Or died at Sobieski's side
  For love of martyred Poland;
Or knelt with Cromwell's 'Ironsides',
  Or sung with brave Gustavus,
Or on the field of Austerlitz
  Breathed out their dying 'aves'.

Stonewall Jackson's Grave, by MARGARET J. PRESTON.

May 11

Sir Thomas Lipton, b. 1850.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas.
Whither so late? Came you from the king?

Henry VIII, Act v, Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

May 12

Passage of the Douro, 1809.

Digitized by Google

May 13

Sir Arthur Sullivan, b. 1842.

Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.

The Tempest, Act III, Sc. ii, by SHAKESPEARE.

May 14

Battle of Lewes, 1264.

Before August was ended a great change had taken place in the life of the county town of Nethershire. Chilworth had awakened after a comfortable sleep of centuries. The latest news of Chilworth that had reached the rest of England previous to August, 1914, was dated 1264, and had to do with a fight between the king and his lieges. . . . But after a lapse of more than half a millennium of slumber Chilworth had awakened and was actually bustling.

The Romance of a Red Cross Hospital, chap. xviii, by F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

May 15

Florence Nightingale, b. 1820.

O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
. . . . . .
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou.

Marmion, by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

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May 16

Battle of Albuera, 1811.

Wellington arrived from the north of Portugal a few hours after the battle. Had he come sooner we should have had more confidence of victory. This may appear from the brief dialogue which took place between one Horsefall and myself when marching to attack the dark columns on the hill. Turning to me Horsefall drily said, 'Whore's ar Arthur?' meaning Wellington. I said, 'I don't know, I don't see him.' He rejoined, 'Aw wish he wor here.' So did I.

Rough Notes of Seven Campaigns, chap. iv,
by Sergt. J. S. COOPER, 7th Royal Fusiliers.

May 17

Mafeking relieved, 1900.

Such night in England ne'er had been,
Nor e'er again shall be.

The Armada, by MACAULAY.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

. . . . . .

For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Recessional, by RUDYARD KIPLING.

May 18

George Meredith, d. 1909.

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May 19

William Ewart Gladstone, d. 1898.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexae philyra coronae;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
  Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
  Vite bibentem.

HORACE, *Carm.* i. 38.

Persian grandeur I abhor:
  Linden-wreathèd crowns, avaunt:
Boy, I bid thee not explore
  Woods which latest roses haunt.

Try on naught thy busy craft
  Save plain myrtle; so arrayed
Thou shalt fetch, I drain, the draught
  Fitliest 'neath the scant vine-shade.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

Off with Persian gear, I hate it,
Hate the wreaths with lime-bark bound,
Care not where the latest roses
    Linger on the ground.
Bring me myrtle, naught but myrtle!
Myrtle, boy, will well combine
Thee attending, me carousing
    'Neath the trellised vine.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

May 20

Honoré de Balzac, b. 1799.

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May 21

James Graham, 5th Earl and 1st Marquis of Montrose, d.1650.

True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon.

Hudibras, by SAMUEL BUTLER.

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

LUCAN.

May 22

Wilhelm Richard Wagner, b. 1813.
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, b. 1859.
Victor Hugo, d. 1885.

LAETITIA RERUM.

. . . . . .

Qui chante là? Le rossignol.
Les chrysalides sont parties.
Le ver de terre a pris son vol
Et jeté le froc aux orties.

. . . . . .

On voit rôder l'abeille à jeun,
La guêpe court, le frelon guette;
A tous ces buveurs de parfum
Le printemps ouvre sa guingette.

Le bourdon, aux excès enclin,
Entre en chiffonnant sa chemise;
Un œillet est un verre plein,
Un lys est une nappe mise.

La mouche boit le vermillon
Et l'or dans les fleurs demi-closes;
Et l'ivrogne est le papillon,
Et les cabarets sont les roses.

De joie et d'extase on s'emplit.
L'ivresse, c'est la délivrance;
Sur aucune fleur on ne lit:
Société de tempérance.

L'Art d'être Grand-père, par V. HUGO.

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May 23

Battle of Ramillies, 1706.

May 24

Empire Day.
Queen Victoria, b. 1819.
Admiral the Marquess of Milford Haven, b. 1854.

Quae caret ora cruore nostro?

HORACE, *Carm.* ii. 1. 36.

May 25

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May 26

Abd-el-Kader, d. 1883.

Abd-el-Kader was sent to France, where he lived, of course, as a prisoner, but treated with the greatest consideration, until in 1852 Louis Napoleon very generously gave him his liberty with an allowance of £4,000 a year. He took up his residence first at Broussa and then at Damascus, where during the Christian massacres of 1860 he played a noble part, doing all that was in his power to protect the wretched Maronites. Many a night he slept on the threshold of his house door with his drawn scimitar by his side, that he, holy Hadji as he was, might be ready to give succour and refuge to any hunted infidel who might pass that way.

Memories, vol. ii, p. 569, by LORD REDESDALE.

May 27

Charles Waterton, d. 1865.

May 28

William Pitt, b. 1759.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgement ripe.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, Sc. iv, by SHAKESPEARE

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May 29

Charles II, b. 1630; *restored*, 1660.

The religious members of that party [the Cavaliers] were conscientiously attached to the whole system of their Church. She had been dear to their murdered King. She had consoled them in defeat and penury. Her service, so often whispered in an inner chamber during the season of trial, had such a charm for them that they were unwilling to part with a single response. Other Royalists, who made little pretence to piety, yet loved the episcopal Church, because she was the foe of their foes. They valued a prayer or a ceremony, not on account of the comfort which it conveyed to themselves, but on account of the vexation which it gave to the Roundheads, and were so far from being disposed to purchase union by concession that they objected to concession chiefly because it tended to produce union.

. . . . . .

The Puritan hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

History of England, chap. ii, by MACAULAY.

When Cromwell fought for power, and while he reigned
The proud protector of the power he gained,
Religion harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like herself severe,
Drew a rough copy of the Christian face,
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace.

Table Talk, by WILLIAM COWPER.

Strengthen the hands of our gracious Sovereign, . . . and all that are put in authority under him, with judgement and justice, to cut off all such workers of iniquity, as turn Religion into Rebellion, and Faith into Faction: that they may never again prevail against us, nor triumph in the ruin of the monarchy and thy Church among us.

Prayer Book service for May 29.

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May 30

Peace of Paris, 1814.
Frederick Locker-Lampson, d. 1895.

Thus the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veteran's services.

History of the Peninsular War, vol. vi, chap. v, by NAPIER.

DU RYS DE MADAME D'ALLEBRET.

Elle a très bien ceste gorge d'albastre,
Ce doulx parler, ce cler tainct, ces beaulx yeux,
Mais en effect, ce petit rys follastre,
C'est à mon gré ce qui luy sied le mieulx;
Elle en pourroit les chemins et les lieux
Où elle passe à plaisir inciter;
Et si ennuy me venoit contrister
Tant que par mort fust ma vie abattue,
Il ne fauldroit pour me resusciter
Que ce rys-là duquel elle me tue.

CLÉMENT MAROT.

How fair those locks which now the light wind stirs!
What eyes she has, and what a perfect arm!
And yet methinks that little Laugh of hers—
That little Laugh is still her crowning charm.
Where'er she passes, countryside or town,
The streets make festa, and the fields rejoice.
Should sorrow come, as 'twill, to cast me down,
Or Death, as come he must, to hush my voice,
Her Laugh would wake me, just as now it thrills me—
That little giddy Laugh wherewith she kills me.

London Lyrics, by F. LOCKER-LAMPSON.

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May 31

Walt Whitman, b. 1819.

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a force of ruthless men,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation;
Into the school where the scholar is studying:
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! Beat! Drums! by WALT WHITMAN.

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June 1

Shannon and Chesapeake action, 1813.

June 1st. Off Boston. Moderate. N.W. Wrote Laurence. Took Chesapeake.

Entry in Capt. P. V. Broke's Diary.

June 2

Governor Edward John Eyre prosecuted at Bow Street by the 'Jamaica Committee'. 1868.

This is the heir; come, let us kill him.

St. Matthew xxi. 38.

June 3

George V, b. 1865.

Fear God. Honour the King.

1 Peter ii. 17.

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June 4

George III, b. 1738.
Procession of Boats at Eton.

A gentleman of fortune in Perthshire [i.e. Laurence Oliphant of Gask, father of Lady Nairne], who, in having the newspapers read to him, caused the King and Queen to be designated by the initial letters of K. and Q. as if, by naming the full word, he might imply an acquiescence in the usurpation of the family of Hanover. George III having heard of this gentleman's custom in the above and other particulars, commissioned the member for Perthshire to carry his compliments to the steady Jacobite—'that is,' said the excellent old king, 'not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles.'

Introduction to *Redgauntlet*, by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

. . . the younger son Charles, towards whom Gask would look, when naming 'The King, Charles,' as his toast after dinner.

The Jacobite Lairds of Gask, p. 426,
by T. L. KINGTON OLIPHANT.

June 5

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June 6

Count Cavour died (*through excessive blood-letting*), 1861.
Sir Henry John Newbolt, b. 1862.

He that sinneth before his Maker, let him fall into the hand of the physician.

Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 15.

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

. . . . . .

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass:
'*Qui procul hinc*', the legend's writ,—
The frontier-grave is far away—
'*Qui ante diem periit:*
Sed miles, sed pro patria'.

Clifton Chapel, by Sir H. NEWBOLT.

June 7

June 8

George Sand (*Armandine Lucile Aurore Dupin, Baronne Dudevant*), d. 1876.

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June 9

June 10

Luiz de Camoens, d. 1580.

June 11

Prince Metternich, d. 1859.

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June 12

James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, d. 1734.

June 13

June 14

Battle of Naseby, 1645.
Battle of Dunkirk, 1658.
Battle of Marengo, 1800.

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June 15

General Tomas Zumalacarregui, d. 1835.

June 16

John Churchill, 1st Duke of Marlborough, d. 1722.
Battle of Dettingen, 1743.
Battle of Quatre Bras, 1815.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed)
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

The Campaign, by JOSEPH ADDISON.

June 17

Richard Harris Barham, d. 1845.

What Horace says is, 'Eheu fugaces, anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!'
Years glide away and are lost to me, lost to me;
Now when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,
Sighing I murmur, 'O mihi praeteritos!'

R. H. BARHAM.

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June 18

Battle of Patay, 1429.
Battle of Chalgrove Field, 1643.
Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
Heligoland ceded to Germany, 1888.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Vanity Fair, chap. xxxii, by THACKERAY.

For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood.

Isaiah ix. 5.

June 19

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, b. 1861.

Edward II. I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.
Young Mortimer. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

Edward II, Act I, Sc. iv, by C. MARLOWE.

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June 20

Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.

In a palace in a garden, not in a haughty keep, proud with the fame but dark with the violence of ages; not in a regal pile, bright with the splendour, but soiled with the intrigues, of courts and factions; in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth, and innocence, and beauty, came a voice that told the maiden that she must ascend her throne!

Sybil, Book I, chap. vi, by LORD BEACONSFIELD.

June 21

Battle of Vittoria, 1813.

June 22

Thomas Day, b. 1748.

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June 23

Battle of Plassey, 1757.
Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, b. 1894.

Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris.

June 24

Titus Flavius Sabinus Vespasianus, d. A.D. 79.
Battle of Bannockburn, 1314.
Battle of Sluys, 1340.
John Churchill, 1st Duke of Marlborough, b. 1650.
Horatio Herbert, 1st Earl Kitchener, b. 1850.
Battle of Solferino, 1859.

Cum super urgentem valitudinem creberrimo frigidae aquae usu etiam intestina vitiasset, nec eo minus muneribus imperatoriis ex consuetudine fungeretur, ut etiam legationes audiret cubans, alvo repente usque ad defectionem soluta, imperatorem ait stantem mori oportere; dumque consurgit ac nititur, inter manus sublevantium exstinctus est.

Life of Vespasian, 24, by SUETONIUS.

June 25

Maximilien Marie Isidore Robespierre guillotined, 1794.

Come out, come out, thou bloody man.

2 Samuel xvi. 7.

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June 26

Accession of William IV, 1830.

Mr. Ayliffe's first recollection of royalty was when as a boy at Hampton Wick he was presented with his first kite, and took it into Bushy Park to fly it.

No sport of any kind was then allowed to the public in the park, and he had not been flying his kite long before a gentleman came up to him and said, 'You must not fly your kite here'. The gentleman asked him his name, his age, where he lived, and whether he went to school, and receiving satisfactory replies he said, 'Well, you are a good boy, George; you may fly your kite here whenever you like, and if Sawyer (the park ranger) says anything to you, tell him the gentleman who owns the park says you are to fly your kite here'. The gentleman then shook hands and went away, and the boy afterwards learnt that he had spoken to King William IV. On several occasions afterwards young Ayliffe met the King in the park, and His Majesty always stopped and shook hands and inquired after his welfare.

Old Kingston, p. 9, by GEORGE WILLIAM AYLIFFE.

Our little nephew Salkeld [afterwards one of the heroes of the assault on the Cashmere Gate at Delhi, Sept. 14, 1857] . . . . came in to dessert, a day the child can never forget. The King [William IV] asked him many questions, which he answered distinctly with a profound bow, and then backed away. He looked so pretty, for the awe of Royalty brought all the colour to his cheeks. I felt rather proud of him, he did it so gracefully. The Queen [Adelaide] told him she hoped he would make as good a man as his excellent uncle. After dinner the Princess Augusta called him to her in the drawing-room . . . and talked to him of cricket, football and hockey, telling him when she was a little girl she played at all these games with her brothers, and played cricket particularly well.

Glimpses of King William IV and Queen Adelaide in letters of Miss Clitherow, p. 47, edited by Rev. G. C. WHITE.

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June 27

Central London Railway (Bank to Shepherd's Bush 'Twopenny Tube') opened by King Edward VII, 1900.

June 28

Henry VIII, b. 1491.

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.
Hostess. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women.

Henry V, Act II, Sc. iii, by SHAKESPEARE.

June 29

Thomas Henry Huxley, d. 1895.

Better to wear out than rust out, and better break than wear out.

HUXLEY.

June 30

Acquittal of the Seven Bishops, 1688.

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July 1

Battle of the Boyne, 1690.

July 2

Prince Olaf of Norway, b. 1903.
Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, d. 1914.
Porfirio Diaz, d. 1915.

Torquatus volo parvulus
Matris e gremio suae
Porrigens teneras manus
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiante labello.

CATULLUS, *Carm.* lxi. 212.

Magnus civis obit et formidatus.

JUVENAL, *Satires*, vi. 558.

July 3

Battle of Gettysburg, 1863.
Battle of Sadowa, 1866.

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July 4

American Declaration of Independence, 1776.
Giuseppe Garibaldi, b. 1807.

What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse: to your tents, O Israel: now see to thine own house, David.

1 Kings xii. 16.

Rem facias, rem,
Si possis, recte, si non, quocumque modo rem.

HORACE, *Epistles*, i. 1. 65.

Horrible tyrants shall be afraid when they do but hear of me; I shall be found good among the multitude, and valiant in war.

Wisdom viii. 15.

July 5

General Whitelock repulsed at Buenos Ayres, 1807.

Long life to *gray hairs*, but bad luck to *white locks*.

British Army toast.

July 6

Sir Henry Raeburn, d. 1823.

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July 7

General Michael Dimitrievitch Skobeleff, d. 1882.

July 8

Franz Xavier Winterhalter, d. 1873.

July 9

Battle of Sempach, 1386.

July 10

Frederic Marryat, b. 1792.

You often hear masters exclaiming against the dishonesty of servants. I know it to be a fact, that most of them have been made dishonest by the carelessness of their employers, in having allowed temptations to lie in their way, which were too strong to be resisted.

The King's Own, chap. x, by CAPT. MARRYAT.

It is a question whether the possession of mineral wealth conduces to the well-being of a country. The working of mines of the precious metal in Mexico, however, has certainly caused many spots to be cultivated and inhabited, which would otherwise have been left sterile and unproductive, and has been the means of giving employment to the Indians, and in some degree has partially civilized them, where otherwise they would have remained in their original state of barbarism and ignorance.

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, chap. xiv, by GEORGE F. RUXTON.

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July 11

Battle of Oudenarde, 1708.
Alexandria bombarded, 1882.

July 12

Desiderius Erasmus, d. 1536.

Woman is an absurd and ridiculous animal, but entertainin and pleasant.

ERASMUS.

July 13

Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., b. 1854.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.

ISAAC WATTS.

July 14

Bastille stormed, 1789; *French National Fête.*

Nam cupide conculcatur nimis ante metutum.

LUCRETIUS, v. 1140

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July 15

Winthrop Mackworth Praed, d. 1839.

. . . . . .

We've had enough of fleets and camps,
  Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
  Huzzas and epaulettes;
We could not bear upon our heads
  Another leaf of bay;
That horrid Buonaparte's dead:
  Yes, take the sword away.

We're weary of the noisy boasts
  That pleased our patriot throngs;
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
  And tame to Dibdin's songs;
We're quite content to rule the wave
  Without a great display;
We're known to be extremely brave;
  But take the sword away.

. . . . . .

We've plenty left to hoist the sail
  Or mount the dangerous breach,
And Freedom breathes in every gale
  That wanders round our beach;
When duty bids us dare or die,
  We'll fight, another day;
But till we know the reason why,
  Take—take the sword away.

Mars Disarmed by Love (1830), by W. M. PRAED.

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July 16

Mahomet fled from Mecca, 622.

When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another.

Matthew x. 23.

July 17

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, d. 1903.

Wilde ventured to annex some of the master's theories and telling stories, and thus came into conflict with his teacher.

Every one must remember one instance of this and Whistler's use of it. Some lady had told him she had just come down the Thames from Oxford in a rowing-boat, and night after night ad been surprised by scenes exactly like Whistler's *Nocturnes*.

'Interesting, my dear lady,' said Whistler, 'very interesting; Nature is slowly creeping up.'

Carried away by the witty fling, Oscar cried: 'I wish I had said that.'

'You will, Oscar, you will,' came Whistler's lightning thrust.

Contemporary Portraits, p. 96, by FRANK HARRIS.

July 18

Dr. W. G. Grace, b. 1848.

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July 19

Charles Edward, Duke of Albany and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, b. 1884.

Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Not a word.

You may do then, in time.

King Lear, Act II, Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

July 20

Pope Leo XIII, d. 1903.

While Dr. Lapponi and the valet were out of the sick chamber, the valet heard a noise, and, upon returning to the room, found the Pope out of bed and in front of a book-case, with the poems of Horace in his hands. . . .

What could there be in common between the aged Pope and the poet of his final choice—beyond a common love of making neat verses? No one, you would think, would turn to Horace for consolation in the hour of death. He was not, truth to say, a religious man, 'Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens,' he was little concerned with any world but the present. . . . But Horace is flippant only on the surface. Underneath there is the purest commonsense. . . . The picture will remain. Without are the Cardinals, whispering, intriguing, praying for the passing soul. Within, the dying Pope, primed with all credentials for the world to come, clambering out of bed at the last to find his Horace. Was there ever a more curious encounter, even in Rome, than this; when two great Romans waved hands across the centuries, across religions—across the Styx!

The Academy, July 25, p. 1903.

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July 21

James Butler, 12th Earl and 1st Duke of Ormonde, d. 1688.
Robert Burns, d. 1796.

Sciant, quibus moris est inlicita mirari, posse etiam sub malis principibus magnos viros esse.

TACITUS, *Agricola*, xlii.

TO A MOUSE.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

. . . . . .

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash, the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

. . . . . .

But, Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

. . . . . .

Still, thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But oh! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

R. BURNS.

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Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum,
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
Passer, deliciae meae puellae,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat:
Nam mellitus erat suamque norat
Ipsa tam bene quam puella matrem.
Nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
Sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
Ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
O factum male! io miselle passer!
Tua nunc opera meae puellae
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

CATULLUS, *Carm.* iii

Weep, weep, ye Loves and Cupids all,
And ilka man o' decent feelin':
My lassie's lost her wee, wee bird,
And that's a loss, ye'll ken, past healin'.

The lassie lo'ed him like her een:
The darling wee thing lo'ed the ither,
And knew and nestled to her breast,
As ony bairnie to her mither.

Her bosom was his dear, dear haunt—
So dear, he cared na lang to leave it;
He'd nae but gang his ain sma' jaunt,
And flutter piping back bereavit.

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The wee thing's gane the shadowy road
That's never travelled back by ony:
Out on ye, Shades! ye're greedy aye
To grab at aught that's brave and bonny.

Puir foolish, fondling, bonnie bird,
Ye little ken what wark ye're leavin':
Ye've gar'd my lassie's een grow red,
Those bonnie een grow red wi' grievin'.

G. S. DAVIES.

July 22

Battle of Falkirk, 1298.
Battle of Salamanca, 1812.

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July 23

General Hiram Ulysses Grant, d. 1885.

The second Duke of Wellington always felt it due to the name of his illustrious father, when any famous warrior came to England, to offer him an entertainment at Apsley House. When General Grant came to England he was accordingly invited there to dinner. When he arrived and saw the portrait of the great Duke, he could find nothing more appropriate to say than: 'Ah! I have commanded more Divisions than that man ever commanded Regiments, and yet what a lot of talk there has been about him.' 'Yes,' answered the Duke in his droll, dry, way, 'I believe he was considered a meritorious person in his day.'

Memories, vol. ii, p. 612, by LORD REDESDALE.

July 24

Gibraltar captured, 1704.

July 25

Charles Dibdin, d. 1814.

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July 26

General Sir William Fenwick Williams, d. 1883.

July 27

Hilaire Belloc, b. 1870.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.
Merchant of Venice, Act I, Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

July 28

Battle of Talavera, 1809.

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July 29

Battle of Landen, 1693.

It is probable that, among the hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled round Neerwinden under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.

History of England, chap. xx, by MACAULAY.

July 30

William Penn, d. 1718.

Keep upon the square, for God sees thee.

W. PENN.

July 31

Otto Eduard Leopold, Prince von Bismarck, d. 1898.

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August 1

Emancipation of Slaves, 1834.

Laetus in praesens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare.

HORACE, *Carm.* ii. 16. 25.

August 2

Battle of Cannae, 216 B.C.
Francis Marion Crawford, b. 1854.

Hannibal adopted a formation recently in use among the Zulus. He threw forward the Gallic and Spanish infantry in echelon, or possibly in line with retiring flanks, a crescent-like formation, on either horn of which the African infantry, armed in Roman fashion, were drawn up in deep column with a narrow front. . . . The legions pushing forward with converging front, drove in the convex Celtic line, and charging on with irresistible weight, shrouded in the dust of battle, buried themselves deeper and deeper in the living *cul-de-sac*. In an instant the Libyan columns faced right and left; the now concave line of Gauls blocked the advance, while in tempestuous charges Hannibal with the heavy cavalry dashed upon their rear. . . . Jammed and packed by their own mass and momentum between the hostile columns, helpless and hopeless, unable to fight or fly, the Romans were hewn down where they stood. It was a carnival of cold steel, a butchery, not a battle.

History of Rome, p. 196, by W. W. HOW and H. D. LEIGH.

The confidence which is asked for, however freely given, is but the little silver coin of friendship; its gold is confidence unasked.

Taquisara, by F. M. CRAWFORD.

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August 3

Battle of Steinkirk, 1692.

August 4

Namur captured, 1695.
War declared between England and Germany, 1914.

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes: whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton Knight.

The Faerie Queene, by EDMUND SPENSER, Book V, Canto xi, Stanza 1.

A PRAYER FOR A SOULDIER GOING TO A BATTELL.

Arme mee (O thou God of Battels) with courage this day, that I may not fall before my enemies: The quarrell is thine, let the victorie be thine; tie to my sinewes the strength of *Dauid*, that I may with a peeble stone strike to the earth these Giants that fight against thy trueth. . . . So let me fight, that whether I come off, lame or sound, dead or aliue, I may liue and dye thy Souldier, Amen. Blesse me, strengthen mee, guide me, guard mee, save me, O thou Lord of hosts. Amen.

Foure Birdis of Noah's Ark, by THOMAS DEKKER.

The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime.

Proposals for a Regicide Peace, v. 145, by EDMUND BURKE.

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August 5

German Army entered France, 1870.

August 6

Alfred, 1st Lord Tennyson, b. 1809.

If a man
Wastes himself among women, how should he love
A woman, as a woman should be loved?

Prologue to *Becket* by TENNYSON.

August 7

Issue of Treasury notes, 1914.

Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.

Acts iii. 6.

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August 8

August 9

Edward VII crowned, 1901.
Lord Kitchener calls for 100,000 men to form a new Army, 1914.

And high on Druid mountains hath the sun
Flamed valediction, as the last lights died
Beyond that fatal wave, that from our side
Sunders the lovely and the lonely Bride
Whom we have wedded but have never won.

Ode on the Coronation of Edward VII, by WILLIAM WATSON.

To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act II, Sc. iii, by SHAKESPEARE.

August 10

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August 11

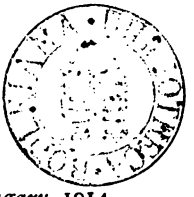
Field-Marshal Rowland, 1st Viscount Hill, b. 1772.

August 12

Grouse shooting begins.
George IV, b. 1762.

Many of them in that condition once described to me by a sporting curate as 'holding two or three firkins apiece'.

The Right Stuff, chap. xvi, by IAN HAY.



August 13

Battle of Blenheim, 1704.
Florence Nightingale, d. 1910.
England declared war against Austria-Hungary, 1914.

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.'

. . . . . .

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.'

The Battle of Blenheim, by ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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August 14

August 15

Sir Walter Scott, b. 1771.

Be not afraid.
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.

The Fair Maid of Perth, chap. xxx, by Sir W. SCOTT.

On entre, on crie,
C'est la vie.
On crie, on sort,
C'est la mort.

ANON.

La vie est vaine:
  Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine —
  Et puis — bonjour!

La vie est brève:
  Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve —
  Et puis — bonsoir!

LÉON DE MONTENAEKEN.

August 16

Caroline Oliphant of Gask, Baroness Nairne, b. 1766.

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August 17

August 18

Emperor Francis Joseph, b. 1830.

Tum porro puer, ut saevis proiectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi iacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit,
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut aequum est
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.

LUCRETIUS, V. 221.

August 19

Honoré de Balzac, d. 1850.

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August 20

August 21

William IV, b. 1765.

I don't know whether you are aware that the king gives every lady two kisses, one on each cheek; but so it is. Well, on Thursday a lady was taking up her daughter to present her to the queen, to do which they pass the king. It so happens, they live somewhere within reach of Bushey, and used to visit there. The girl who was following her mother was so frightened that she took no notice of the king as she passed him; upon which he laid hold of her, and taking her by the hand said: 'Oh! oh! is this the way you treat your country friends?' and then gave her two kisses.

The Creevey Papers, March 29, 1830–1,
by Sir HERBERT MAXWELL.

August 22

Battle of the Standard, 1138.
Battle of Bosworth Field, 1485.

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August 23

Stilicho, d. A.D. 408.

Whilst he [Charles I] was in this durance (Carisbrooke) Mr. Herbert said he was wont to write, on the backside of some papers, these or some other verses of this nature:

> Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
> Servitium; numquam libertas gratior exstat
> Quam sub Rege pio.

[Claudian, *de Cons. Sti.* iii. 113.]

Sir PHILIP WARWICK'S *Memoirs*.

August 24

St. Bartholomew (*Massacre* 1572).

For thy sake also are we killed all the day long: and are counted as sheep appointed to be slain.

Psalm xliv. 22.

August 25

Christian Bernhard, Baron von Tauchnitz, b. 1816.

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August 26

Richard Lewis Nettleship, d. 1892.

August 27

Amoy captured, 1841.

August 28

James Henry Leigh Hunt, d. 1859.
First appearance in 'Punch' of 'Lays of a Lazy Minstrel', 1880 (*vide* M. H. Spielmann, *History of Punch*, p. 387).

A STUDY—MADE IN 'BRADSHAW' AT CARNFORTH JUNCTION.

Miss Dimplecheek
Ah! well-a-day,
I watch your pretty roses play
  At hide and seek!
While York to Lancaster gives place,
And sweeter grows your pretty face—
  Miss Dimplecheek.

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A NUTSHELL NOVEL.

Vol. i.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather:
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk,
Together!

Vol. ii.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious:
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!!

Vol. iii.

You ask mama,
Consult papa,
With pleasure:
And both repent
This rash event
At leisure!!!

The Lazy Minstrel, by J. ASHBY-STERRY.

'Go ask Papa', the maiden said—
He knew that her papa was dead,
He also knew the life he'd led,
So understood her when she said—
'Go ask Papa'!

ANON.

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August 29

Jean-Baptiste Colbert, b. 1619.

August 30

August 31

John Bunyan, d. 1688.

After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for token that the summons was true; 'That his pitcher was broken at the fountain'. . . . When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said: 'Death, where is thy sting?' and as he went down deeper, he said: 'Grave, where is thy victory?'

So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

The Pilgrim's Progress, by JOHN BUNYAN.

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September 1

Pope Adrian IV (*Nicholas Breakspeare*), d. 1159.

September 2

Napoleon III captured at Sedan, 1870.

Behold thou art taken in thy mischief, for thou art a bloody man.

2 Samuel xvi. 8.

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September 3

Battle of Dunbar, 1650.
Battle of Worcester, 1651.
Oliver Cromwell, d. 1658.

I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken.

Oliver Cromwell, Part VI, Letter cxxxvi, by CARLYLE.

CROMWELL'S LAST PRAYER.

Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy People. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgement, one heart and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more on Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer: Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.

CARLYLE. Part X.

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September 4

Philip II and Queen Mary parted for the last time, 1537.

Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,
Non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer.

VIRGIL, *Aen.* iv. 327.

THE LITTLE POEM OF LIFE.

I;—
Thou;—
We;—
They;—
Small words but mighty.
In their span
Are bound the life and hopes of man.

Bees in Amber, by JOHN OXENHAM.

September 5

September 6

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September 7

Queen Elizabeth, b. 1533.

That bright *Occidental Star*, Queen *Elizabeth*, of most happy memory.

Preface to the Authorized Version of the Bible.

1*st Old Man.* Are you then travelling to the temple of Eliza?

2*nd Old Man.* Even to her temple are my feeble limbs travelling. Some call her Pandora, some Gloriana, some Cynthia, some Delphoebe, some Astraea; all by several names to express several loves; yet all those names make but one celestial body, as all those loves meet but to create one soul.

1*st Old Man.* I am one of her own country, and we adore her by the name of Eliza.

2*nd Old Man.* Blessed name, happy country; your Eliza makes your land Elysian: but what do you offer?

1*st Old Man.* That which all true subjects should: when I was young, an armed hand; now I am crooked, an upright heart; but what offer you?

2*nd Old Man.* That which all strangers do; two eyes struck blind with admiration: two lips proud to sound her glory: two hands held up full of prayers and praises: what not, that may express love? what not, that may make her beloved?

'The Prologue at Court' to *The Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus*, by THOMAS DEKKER.

September 8

September 9

Battle of Flodden Field, 1513.
Battle of Kassassin, 1882.

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September 10

Queen Elizabeth baptized, 1533.

I reckon Queen Elizabeth would ha' played a mighty pow'ful game of poker.

The Virginian, by OWEN WISTER.

It may be questioned whether the people in the reign of Elizabeth, or indeed the queen herself, would have been contented with a drama without a smack of the indecent or the ludicrous. They had alike been accustomed to scenes of ribaldry and bloodshed; and the palace opened on one wing to the brothel, on the other to the shambles.

Southey and Landor (II) in *Imaginary Conversations*, by W. S. LANDOR.

September 11

Battle of Malplaquet, 1709.
Battle of Brandywine, 1777.

September 12

Gebhard Leberecht von Blücher, Prinz von Wahlstadt, d. 1819.

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September 13

Battle of the Heights of Abraham, 1759.
Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, 1882.

September 14

Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington, d. 1852.
Lieut.-General Sir William Robertson, b. 1859.

He was a sincere believer in Christianity as presented by the Church of England, but he had not been in the least affected by recent evangelical developments, and his belief was of a rather dry and official sort; an officer who took to public preaching and the forming of religious societies was only two or three degrees less distasteful to him than an officer who was foul-mouthed in his language and openly contemned holy things. I fancy that the duke would have been inclined to regard both as 'ungentlemanly'.

Wellington's Army, p. 325, by C. W. C. OMAN.

Wellington in a private letter had used the phrase: 'The finger of Providence was upon me, and I escaped unhurt.' When it was proposed to publish this letter, he suggested that the phrase should be omitted as 'containing nothing of public or military interest'.

The Great Duke, vol. ii, p. 386, by W. H. FITCHETT.

Many Egyptian monuments which commemorate high officers in the court of the Pharaohs bear this laudatory inscription, 'His ancestors were unknown people.'

Egypt under the Pharaohs, vol. i, p. 23,
by H. BRUGSCH BEY.

Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.

VOLTAIRE.

September 15

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September 16

Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, d. 1736.

September 17

Walter Savage Landor, d. 1864.

Knowledge and wisdom are different. We may know many things without an increase of wisdom; but it would be a contradiction to say that we can know anything new without an increase of knowledge.

Aristotle and Callisthenes, by W. S. LANDOR.

September 18

Samuel Johnson, b. 1709.
Matthew Prior, d. 1721.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.

An Ode, by MATTHEW PRIOR.

This was parodied by Mr. Bowles in his speech against Sir M. Hicks-Beach's corn-tax, June 1902—

The merchant to conceal his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name;
Revenue serves to grace my measure,
Protection is my real flame.

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September 19

Battle of Poitiers, 1356.
Kitchener arrived at Fashoda, 1898.

September 20

Battle of Newbury, 1643.
Battle of Prestonpans, 1745.
Battle of the Alma, 1854.
Delhi stormed, 1857.

September 21

Sir Walter Scott, d. 1832.
Herbert George Wells, b. 1866.

'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a few minutes to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here. . . . God bless you all.'

Life of Scott, chap. lxxxiii, by LOCKHART.

Hockey as it was played at the Dower House at Matching's Easy before the war, was a game combining danger, physical exercise, and kindliness in a very high degree. . . Quite able-bodied people acquainted with the game played forward, the less well-informed played a defensive game behind the forward line, elderly, infirm, and bulky persons were used chiefly as obstacles in goal . . . the miscellaneous Landwehr which formed the 'backs'.

Mr. Britling Sees it Through, I. iii. 4, by H. G. WELLS.

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September 22

Battle of Zutphen, 1586.

September 23

Battle of Assaye, 1803.

September 24

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September 25

Relief of Lucknow, 1857.

Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven,
Hold it for fifteen days—we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the banner of England flew.

LORD TENNYSON.

September 26

Frederick William Faber, D.D., d. 1863.

1. Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

2. Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

Psalm xv.

September 27

Battle of Busaco, 1810.

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September 28

Battle of Marathon, 490 B.C.

September 29

St. Michael and All Angels. Michaelmas Day.
Robert, 1st Lord Clive, b. 1725.
Horatio, 1st Viscount Nelson, b. 1758.

Out of weakness was made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Hebrews xi. 34.

'Nemo omnibus horis sapit,' said I apologetically.

'I don't know what that means.'

'Nemo—everybody,' I translated, 'sapit—has been in love, omnibus—once, —horis, at least.'

Dolly Dialogues, chap. xix, by ANTHONY HOPE.

September 30

Field-Marshal Frederick Sleigh, 1st Earl Roberts, b. 1832.
General Boulanger, d. 1891.

What 'e doesn't know o' war, Gen'ral Bobs,
You can ask the shop next door—Can't they, Bobs?
O 'e 's little, but 'e 's wise,
And 'e does not advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?

R. KIPLING.

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October 1

Sir William George Grenville Venables Vernon Harcourt, d. 1904.

October 2

Andreas Hofer, b. 1767.

Surely there is no sword like that which is beaten out of a ploughshare.

MACAULAY.

October 3

'It's all right, Mr. Burgomaster, you needn't worry. We're going to save the city.'

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL *to the Burgomaster of Antwerp*, October 3, 1914

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October 4

Jean François Millet, b. 1814.
Prosper Mérimée, d. 1870.
Jacques Offenbach, d. 1880.

October 5

Richard Fox, bishop of Winchester, d. 1528.

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. . . .

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations:

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times. . . .

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore.

Ecclesiasticus xliv.

October 6

George II, b. 1683.

George II, when challenged at a masked ball by a Jacobite lady to drink to the health of the Pretender, replied: 'I drink with pleasure the health of all unfortunate princes.'

Famous Sayings and their Authors, p. 24,
by EDWARD LATHAM.

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October 7

Oliver Wendell Holmes, d. 1894.

October 8

John Hay, b. 1838.

A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never funked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

. . . . . .

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man what died for men.

'Jim Bludso' in *Pike County Ballads*, by JOHN HAY.

October 9

Barbara Palmer (née *Villiers*), *Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland*, d. 1709.
Antwerp occupied by the Germans, 1914.

But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of Whitehall. . . . There happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run

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down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there come one there booted and spurred that she talked along with. And by and by, she being in her haire, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But it become her mightily, as every thing else do.

PEPYS, *Diary*, August 23, 1662.

Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned, for women.

And now do ye not believe me? is not the king great in his power? do not all regions fear to touch him?

Yet did I see him and Apame the king's concubine, the daughter of the admirable Bartacus, sitting at the right hand of the king,

And taking the crown from the king's head and setting it upon her own head; she also struck the king with her left hand.

And yet for all this the king gaped and gazed upon her with open mouth: if she laughed upon him, he laughed also: but if she took any displeasure at him, the king was fain to flatter, that she might be reconciled to him again.

1 Esdras iv. 27–31.

. . . Their mother, who, a widow, was
Wrapt in grat dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Her name was Belge; who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage.

The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto x, by EDMUND SPENSER.

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October 10

President Stephanus Johannes Paul Kruger, b. 1825.

October 11

President Kruger declared war on England, 1900.
Lord Derby appointed Director of Recruiting, 1915.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms.

Richard II, Act III, Sc. ii, by SHAKESPEARE.

Stanley, what news with you?—
Pleaseth Your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends.—
Go then and muster men.

Richard III, Act IV, Sc. iv, by SHAKESPEARE.

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October 12

General Robert Edward Lee, d. 1870.

October 13

Sir Henry Irving, d. 1905.

October 14

Battle of Hastings, 1066.
Battle of Jena, 1806.

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October 15

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, d. 1838.

October 16

Marie Antoinette, d. 1793.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what an heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone.—That of sophisters, oeconomists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt

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a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

Reflections on the Revolution in France,
by EDMUND BURKE.

October 17

François Frédéric Chopin, d. 1849.

October 18

Thomas Love Peacock, b. 1785.

Marriage, so far from being a central point of expansion to the great circle of universal benevolence, serves only to concentrate the feelings of natural sympathy in the reflected selfishness of family interest, and to substitute for the *humani nihil alienum puto* of youthful philanthropy, the *charity begins at home* of maturer years.

Headlong Hall, chap. xv, by T. L. PEACOCK.

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October 19

Battle of Zama, 202 B.C.

M. Naevius tribunus plebis accusavit Scipionem ad populum, dixitque eum accepisse a rege Antiocho pecuniam, ut condicionibus mollibus pax cum eo populi Romani nomine fieret, et quaedam item alia indigna tali viro addidit. Tum Scipio pauca praefatus, quae dignitas vitae suae atque gloria postulabat, 'Memoria,' inquit, 'Quirites, repeto, diem esse hodiernum, quo Hannibalem Poenum, imperio vestro inimicissimum, magno proelio in terra Africa vici, pacemque et victoriam vobis peperi praeclaram. Non igitur simus adversum deos ingrati et, censeo, relinquamus nebulonem hunc, eamus hinc protinus Iovi optimo maximo gratulatum.' Id cum dixisset, avertit et ire ad Capitolium coepit. Tum contio universa, quae ad sententiam de Scipione ferendam convenerat, relicto tribuno Scipionem in Capitolium comitata, atque inde ad aedes eius cum laetitia et gratulatione sollemni prosecuta est.

AULUS GELLIUS.

On 18th June 1832 [Waterloo Day] the Duke was hooted by the mob as he rode through London. Lord St. Germans rode with the Duke up Constitution Hill, the mob at the same time rushing across the Green Park in order to intercept him at his own door. The Duke said but little on the road; but passing through the crowd, which he did without the slightest hesitation, when the door of his house was reached he touched his hat to Lord St. Germans, and quietly said, 'An odd day to choose! *Good morning*'.

Words on Wellington, p. 21, by Sir W. FRASER.

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October 20

Henry John Temple, 3rd Viscount Palmerston, b. 1784.

The Roman in the days of old held himself free from indignity when he could say *Civis Romanus sum*, so also a British subject, in whatever land he be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong.

Lord Palmerston's Speech on June 17, 1850.

October 21

Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.
Battle of Elandslaagte, 1900.

The victory that day was turned into mourning.

2 Samuel xix. 2.

October 22

Louis Spohr, d. 1859.

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October 23

Battle of Edgehill, 1642.
Battle of Buxar, 1764.

October 24

John Conington, d. 1869.

October 25

Geoffrey Chaucer, d. 1400.
Thomas Babington, 1st Lord Macaulay, b. 1800.

Take at hazard any three pages of the Essays or the History, and shimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historical facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is that epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage in two or three words to paint an individual or to indicate a landscape? . . . He reads twenty books to write a sentence, he travels a hundred miles to write a line of description.

'Nil Nisi Bonum' in *Roundabout Papers*, by THACKERAY.

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October 26

New Gaiety Theatre opened, 1903.

October 27

Surrender of Metz, 1870.

October 28

Battle of Arroyo dos Molinos, 1811.

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October 29

Sir Walter Raleigh, d. 1618.
James Shirley, d. 1666.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded. What none hath dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hath cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with two narrow words: *Hic iacet.*

History of the World, Book V, Part I, by Sir W. RALEIGH.

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
  Death lays his icy hand on kings.
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
  With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

The garlands wither on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
  See where the victor victim bleeds!
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
  Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, by JAMES SHIRLEY.

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October 30

Michael Scott, b. 1789.

I am a Roman Catholic, but, I humbly trust, not a bigoted one; for were it not against the canons of both our churches, I fear I should incline to the doctrine of Pope—

He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

My fathers, Tom, were all Catholics before me; they may have been wrong, but I am only my father's son—not a better, and I fear, I fear, not so wise a man. Pray, Tom, did you ever hear of even a *good* Jew, who, being converted, did not become a *bad* Christian? Have you not all your life had a repugnance to consort with a sinner converted from the faith of his fathers, whether they were Jews or Gentiles, Hindoos or Mahomedans, dwellers in Mesopotamia, or beyond Jordan? You *have* such a repugnance, Tom, I know, and I have it too.

Tom Cringle's Log, chap. xvii, by MICHAEL SCOTT.

Le Catholicisme, intangible dans son essence, a autant de caractères qu'il y a de peuples et de races. En Angleterre, il est rigide, simple et mâle; en Espagne, sensuel, sauvage et fanatique; en Italie, faible et superstitieux; en France, sentimental et idéaliste . . . On peut dire qu'il a son corps dans la race saxonne, son âme dans la race latine et qu'il aura probablement son esprit en Amérique.

Ève victorieuse, chap. xxx, par P. DE COULEVAIN.

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October 31

Major-General Sir Rollo Gillespie, d. 1814.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No, let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

Prospice, by ROBERT BROWNING.

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November 1

Battle of Coronel, 1914.

'Von Spee was a very good fellow—I knew him well...' says an Admiral gently.... 'I *know* that many of their men must loathe the work they are set to do.'

England's Effort, p. 24, by Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD.

November 2

Princess Amelia, youngest daughter of George III, d. 1810.

Πατρὶ δ' οὐδὲν ἥδιον
γέροντι θυγατρός· ἀρσένων δὲ μείζονες
ψυχαί, γλυκεῖαι δ' ἧσσον ἐς θωπεύματα.

EURIPIDES, *Supp.* 1102.

To a father waxing old
Nothing is dearer than a daughter: sons
Have spirits of higher pitch, but less inclined
To sweet endearing fondness.

R. POTTER.

November 3

Battle of Mentana, 1867.

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November 4

Charles Churchill, d. 1764.

Pope stabs with a silver bodkin—Churchill hews down his opponent with a broadsword.

GILFILLAN'S *Preface to Churchill's Poems.*

November 5

Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
William III landed at Torbay, 1688.
Battle of Inkerman, 1854.
England declared war against Turkey, 1914.

O Lord, who didst this day discover the snares of death that were laid for us: and didst wonderfully deliver us from the same; Be thou still our mighty protector, and scatter our enemies that delight in blood. Infatuate and defeat their counsels, abate their pride, asswage their malice, and confound their devices.

Prayer Book service for November 5.

November 6

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November 7

Li Hung Chang, d. 1901.

November 8

Fred Archer, d. 1886.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide;
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack.

Venus and Adonis, by SHAKESPEARE.

November 9

Edward VII, b. 1841.

Nym. The king is a good king.

Henry V, Act II, Sc. i, by SHAKESPEARE.

La Reine. Il faut que le prince devienne un mauvais sujet . . . c'est ça, un mauvais sujet . . . un peu, pas trop, les peuples aiment ça, j'ai remarqué.

Éducation de Prince, Acte I, Sc. iv, par MAURICE DONNAY.

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November 10

November 11

Evening Lesson. St. John ii.

. . . Richard Crashaw's pentameter on the Miracle at Cana in Galilee—

Lympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

Had he remembered Virgil, *Aen.* ii. 542, he would have been less Propertian and more Ovidian, and have written

Vidit, et erubuit, lympha pudica Deum.

Bodleian Quarterly Record, p. 61, vol. ii, No. 15.

November 12

Mrs. Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell, d. 1865.

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November 13

Eleanor Gwyn, d. 1687.

Ken was consecrated Bishop of *Bath and Wells* on *St. Paul's Day*, in the Year 1684. And this even just after his Opinion, That a Woman of ill Repute ought not to be endured in the House of a Clergyman, especially the *King's* Chaplain; and was publicly known. For at that time the *King* coming to *Winton*, and his Harbinger having mark'd the Doctor's House, which he held in right of his Prebend, for the use of Mrs. *Gwin*; he absolutely refused her Admittance, and she was forced to seek other Lodgings.

A Short Account of the Life of Thomas Ken,
by WILLIAM HAWKINS.

On a former occasion, when he was appointed to preach before the Court at Whitehall, Charles left the circle of his vicious flatterers, saying 'I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults'. Now when he was to decide on the appointment of a new Bishop, he enquired in his own characteristic way, 'Where is the good little man that refused his lodging to poor Nell?'

Life of Thomas Ken by a Layman (i.e. J. L. ANDERDON),
p. 141.

When men were applying to him on behalf of this or that candidate, Charles is said to have stopped their representations with the declaration, 'Odd's fish! Who shall have Bath and Wells but the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging?'

Life of Ken, vol. i, p. 178, by E. H. PLUMPTRE.

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November 14

Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, d. 1825.
Field-Marshal Frederick Sleigh, 1st Earl Roberts, d. 1914.

Except by name Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country is his saying—'Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; and to the Germans that—of the air!'

CARLYLE in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1827.

Arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
Circumdat nequicquam humeris et inutile ferrum
Cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostes.

VIRGIL, *Aen.* ii. 509

November 15

William Cowper, b. 1731.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more.

COWPER.

Study not to know more, but to know better.

Seneca—a Selection, p. 48, by H. C. SIDLEY.

November 16

John Lander, d. 1839.
George Alfred Henty, d. 1902.

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November 17

Jacques Étienne Joseph Alexandre, Duke of Tarentum, Marshal Macdonald, b. 1765.

His father came of an old Jacobite family, which had followed James II to France, and was a near relation of the celebrated Flora Macdonald. . . . When all were deserting their old master, Macdonald remained faithful to him. He was directed by Napoleon to give in his adherence to the new régime, and was presented by him with the sabre of Murad Bey for his fidelity. . . . He remained faithful to the new order of things during the Hundred Days.

Encyclopaedia Britannica.

November 18

Sir William Schwenk Gilbert, b. 1836.

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November 19

Charles I, b. 1600.
Thomas Shadwell, d. 1692.

On May 5, 1646, Charles gave himself up to the Scottish army besieging Newark. Here, though treated with all respect by the leaders of the Scots, he was little else than a prisoner. Their preachers, however, often insulted him to his face. Once during divine service one of them in a sermon before the king reproached him severely, and at the close gave out the fifty-second psalm to be sung:—

> Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
> Thy wicked deeds to praise?

Upon this the king stood up and called for the fifty-sixth psalm:—

> Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
> For men would me devour!

This was willingly responded to by the soldiers present, much to the discomfiture of the preacher.

A Class-Book History of England, p. 301, by DAVID MORRIS.

There is no creature so obstinate as a godly man.

The Volunteers, by T. SHADWELL.

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November 20

Sir John Harington, d. 1612.

Iurat capillos esse, quos emit, suos
Fabulla: numquid, illa, Paule, peierat?

MARTIAL, vi. 12.

The golden hair that Gulla wears
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

Sir JOHN HARINGTON.

Nubere vis Prisco: non miror, Paula, sapisti.
Ducere te non vult Priscus; et ille sapit.

MARTIAL, ix. 5.

You'd marry the Marquis, fair lady, they say;
You're right, we've suspected it long:
But his Lordship declines in a complaisant way—
And, faith, he 's not much in the wrong.

Imitations of Some of the Epigrams of Martial, Part IV, p. 23,
by N. B. HALHED.

Abel fain would marry Mabel;
Well, it 's very wise of Abel.
But Mabel won't at all have Abel;
Well, it 's wiser still of Mabel.

LEIGH HUNT.

November 21

Sir John Hawkins, d. 1595.

November 22

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November 23

November 24

Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, d. 1857.

The time of my departure is at hand, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

2 Timothy iv. 6.

November 25

Battle of the Beresina, 1812.

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November 26

Battle of Seetabuldee, 1817.

November 27

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, d. 8 B. C.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria;
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,

Laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida
Funalia et vectes et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.

O quae beatam, Diva, tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

HORACE, *Carmina*, iii. 26.

From earliest youth, the Fair I've sought
To win, and won them, I may say,
And often in Love's conflicts fought,
Not without credit in my day.

But now unequal to maintain
'Such cruel battle here within',
My Arms I hang in Venus' Fane
My Lyre has hushed its am'rous din.

Here let the fun'ral Pile be fed
Of letters by the cherished store,
The Rings and Tokens of the Dead,
The Ringlets which I priz'd still more.

O Thou who rul'st o'er Cyprus' Isle!
Though no more subject to thy will,
Deign on my future Fates to smile,
Teach those who lov'd, to like me still.

Scraps from Horace, by R. W. HAY.

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November 28

General Maximilien Sébastien, Comte Foy, d. 1825.

November 29

Cardinal Wolsey, d. 1530.
Prince Rupert, d. 1682.
Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, b. 1856.

O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours,
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Henry VIII, Act III, Sc. ii, by SHAKESPEARE.

We have always thought the epithet of 'full-blown' as applied to Wolsey, the happiest poetical hit ever made by Dr. Johnson:

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand

His ostentation, his clerical robes, his very corpulence, and his subsequent *fading*, all conspire to render the image felicitous. Wolsey is the very flower of priestly prosperity—fat, full-blown, gorgeous, called into life by sunshine; the very odours he was fond of carrying in his hand became a part of his efflorescence; one imagines his cheek florid, and his huge, silken vestments expanding about him like bloated petals. Anon, the blast blows from the horrid royal mouth: the round flower hangs its head; it lays its dead neck on the earth; and in its room is a loathed weed.

The Town, chap. x, by LEIGH HUNT.

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November 30

St. Andrew.

Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, b. 1874.

Here 's to us!
Wha 's like us?
Dommed few. *Scotch Toast.*

A few Scots in our rear. Cromwell's letter on the battle of Marston Moor, *vid.* CARLYLE'S *Cromwell*, i. 166.

You Scotch, who are so proud of your own nationality, must make due allowance for that of other folks.

Redgauntlet, Letter III, by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

'This is a very obtrusive lad,' said Mr. Gradgrind.

Hard Times, chap. vi, by CHARLES DICKENS.

December 1

Queen Alexandra, b. 1844.

The Lord of heaven and earth bless Your Majesty with many and happy days, that, as his heavenly hand hath enriched Your Highness with many singular and extraordinary graces, so You may be the wonder of the world in this latter age for happiness and true felicity.

Preface to the Authorized Version of the Bible.

December 2

Battle of Austerlitz, 1805.

Napoleon III's coup d'état, 1852.

Il se passe dans Paris de petits incidents comme celui-ci, que d'honnêtes badauds, témoins du fait, vous racontent tout rêveurs: deux hommes cheminent dans la rue, ils causent de leurs affaires, de leur négoce. L'un d'eux parle de je ne sais quel fripon dont il croit avoir à se plaindre. 'C'est un malheureux,' dit-il, 'c'est un escroc, c'est un gueux.' Un agent de police entend ces derniers mots. 'Monsieur,' dit-il, 'vous parlez du président; je vous arrête.'

Napoléon le Petit, Book II, chap. viii, par VICTOR HUGO.

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December 3

Robert Louis Stevenson, d. 1894.

To be feared of a thing and yet to do it is what makes the prettiest kind of a man.

Kidnapped, chap. xx, by R. L. STEVENSON.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

R. L. STEVENSON.

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life doth greatly please.

EDMUND SPENSER.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
. . . . . .
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Sea Fever, by JOHN MASEFIELD.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages.

Cymbeline, by SHAKESPEARE.

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December 4

Jeanne Françoise Julie Adélaïde Bernard, Madame Récamier, b. 1777.

Madame Récamier was a beautiful, but not a brilliant woman, yet she held men her slaves for years. . . . Being asked once by an acquaintance what spell she worked on mankind that enabled her to hold them for ever at her feet, she laughingly answered: 'I have always found two words sufficient. When a visitor comes into my *salon*, I say, "*Enfin!*" and when he gets up to go away, I say, "*Déjà!*"'

Worldly Ways and Byways, p. 6, by ELIOT GREGORY.

December 5

Viscount Jellicoe, b. 1859.
Alexandre Dumas père, d. 1870.

Les rêves consolent de la réalité.

La Dame de Monsoreau, par A. DUMAS.

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December 6

Anthony Trollope, d. 1882.

It is by conferring kindness that love is created.

The Lady of Launay, chap. vii, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

I have seen in Italy and in America women perhaps as beautiful as any that I have seen in England, but in neither country does it seem that such beauty is intended for domestic use. In Italy the beauty is soft, and of the flesh. In America it is hard, and of the mind. Here it is of the heart, I think, and as such is the happiest of the three.

Rachel Ray, chap. vii, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Greek is a harp we love to hear,
And Latin is a trumpet clear;
Italian tunes her marriage bells,
While Spanish like an organ swells;
Hark, the French fife towards us comes
With Russian cymbals, German drums;
But Britain's sons may well rejoice,
For English is the human voice.

ANON.

December 7

Marshal Michel Ney, duc d'Elchingen, Prince de la Moskowa, shot 1815.

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December 8

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, b. 65 B.C.

Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili saevitia negat,
Quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi;
Interdum rapere occupet.

HORACE, *Carm.* ii. 12.

When once she turns her neck to meet
Those burning kisses that you pour,
Or with a wilfulness so sweet,
Denies that you may try the more
To snatch, not ask for: snatch your fill,
Or, if you like it, let her snatch; she will.

Odes of Horace translated into English Verse, by A. S. AGLEN.

This much at any rate is certain: the man who wrote of his father, as Horace did of his, was not a bad man; the man who amid all the temptations of Rome could make a simple country life his ideal, as Horace did, was not a vicious man; the man who kept his head in a position such as Horace occupied was not a vain man; the man whom Augustus asked to be his private secretary was not a foolish man; and there must have been something very lovable and very remarkable in one whom Maecenas, after an unbroken intimacy of thirty years, could commend to his master on his deathbed with the words—'Horatii Flacci ut mei memor esto'.

Introduction to the Odes, p. xxi, by T. E. PAGE.

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December 9

John Milton, b. 1608.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aurae
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus
Intemptata nites: me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

HORACE, *Carm.* i. 5.

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changèd gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they,
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

JOHN MILTON.

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December 10

Field-Marshal Rowland, 1st Viscount Hill, d. 1842.

This simple, pious, considerate old officer, whose later portraits show a decided resemblance to Mr. Pickwick, was known everywhere among the rank and file as 'Daddy Hill'. . . . He was the very picture of an English country gentleman: to the soldiers who came from the rural districts of old England he represented *home*; his fresh complexion, placid face, kind eyes, kind voice, the absence of all parade or noise in his manner delighted them. The displeasure of Sir Rowland was worse to them than the loudest anger of other generals. His attention to all their wants and comforts, his visits to the sick in hospital, his vigilant protection of the poor peasantry, his just severity to marauders, his generous treatment of such French prisoners and wounded as fell into his hands, made for him a warm place in the hearts of his soldiery. . . . The description sounds like that of a benevolent old squire. . . . Nevertheless, Rowland Hill was a very great man of war.

Wellington's Army, p. 116, by C. W. C. OMAN.

December 11

Battle of Magersfontein, 1899.

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December 12

Robert Browning, d. 1889.

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Epilogue to Asolando, by R. BROWNING.

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her.

One Word More, by R. BROWNING.

December 13

Samuel Johnson, d. 1784.
Franz von Lenbach, b. 1836.

A man who writes a book, thinks himself wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind; he supposes that he can instruct or amuse them, and the public to whom he appeals must after all be the judges of his pretensions.

JOHNSON.

December 14

George Washington, d. 1799.
Prince Consort, d. 1861.

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light that beats upon a throne.

Dedication to *Idylls of the King*, by TENNYSON.

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December 15

Izaak Walton, d. 1683.
Remains of Napoleon I deposited in the Invalides, 1840.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'.

I. WALTON.

And David went and took the bones of Saul from the men of Jabesh-Gilead . . . and the bones of Saul buried they in the country of Benjamin.

2 Samuel xxii. 12.

December 16

Jane Austen, b. 1775.

As regyards that *Emma* book . . , if yu' could read me something that was *about* something, I—I'd be liable to keep awake.

The Virginian, chap. xxvii, by OWEN WISTER.

December 17

John Greenleaf Whittier, b. 1807.

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December 18

General Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, d. 1843.

Though a civilian, a Whig member of Parliament, and forty-four years of age, though he had no knowledge of military affairs, and had never heard a shot fired in anger, he went to the front at once. . . . It is odd that both Julius Caesar and Oliver Cromwell started at this same age as soldiers. . . . His portrait shows a man with a regular oval face, a rather melancholy expression—there is a sad droop in the eyelids—and abundant white hair, worn rather long. His mouth is firm and inflexible, his general expression very resolute, but a little tired—that of a man who has been for nearly twenty years crusading against an enemy with whom no peace must be made, and who does not yet see the end in sight, but proposes to fight on till he drops.

Wellington's Army, p. 122, by C. W. C. OMAN.

December 19

December 20

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December 21

Benjamin Disraeli, 1st Earl of Beaconsfield, b. 1804.

You are not going, I hope, to leave the destinies of the British Empire to prigs and pedants.

Disraeli's speech in Parliament against Palmerston's surrender of the Ionian Islands in 1863—*vid.* MONYPENNY and BUCKLE'S *Life of Disraeli*, vol. iv, p. 334.

December 22

James Stuart, the Old Pretender, landed in Scotland, 1715.

Forasmuch as certain pestilent men have usurped the kingdom of our fathers, my purpose is to challenge it again, that I may restore it to the old estate.

1 Maccabees xv. 3.

December 23

Accession of King Albert of Belgium, 1909.

Saluons-le bien bas.

PIERRE LOTI, *La Hyène enragée.*

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December 24

George Crabbe, b. 1754.

By such examples taught, I paint the Cot
As Truth will paint it and as Bards will not.

The Village, by GEORGE CRABBE.

December 25

Christmas Day.
William Cavendish, 1st Duke of Newcastle, d. 1676.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The Honest W., Part I, Act v, Sc. ii, by THOMAS DEKKER.

Said one—'Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!
He's a good Fellow and 'twill all be well.'

Rubaiyát of Omar Khayyám, Stanza lxiv,
by EDWARD FITZ GERALD.

Say something in favour of those that have been spoke against; for you may say something of everybody to the best; the other which is railing, scorn, and jeering, is fitter for porters, watermen, and carmen, than for gentlemen.

Newcastle's Advice to Prince Charles (II).

I had rather have a plain russet-coated Captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a 'Gentleman' and is nothing else. I honour a *Gentleman* that is so indeed.

OLIVER CROMWELL, *vid.* Carlyle, Part II, Letter XVI.

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December 26

Thomas Gray, b. 1716.

Or Gray, who on worn thoughts conferred
That second youth, the perfect word,
The elected and predestined phrase
That had lain bound, long nights and days,
To wear at last, when once set free,
Immortal pellucidity.

Retrogression, by WILLIAM WATSON.

December 27

Pierre de Ronsard, d. 1585.

À CASSANDRE.

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avait déclose
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil
A point perdu cette vesprée
Les plis de sa robe pourprée,
Et son teint au vôtre pareil.

Las! voyez comme en peu d'espace,
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place,
Las! las! ses beautés laissé choir!
O vraiment marâtre Nature,
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure
Que du matin jusques au soir!

Donc, si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que votre âge fleuronne

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En sa plus verte nouveauté,
Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse:
Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir votre beauté.

PIERRE DE RONSARD, *Odes*, I. xvii.

I

Darling, come with me and behold
Whether the rose I saw unfold
  For the new sun her crimson gown
Has not this evening to lament
The loss of all her red raiment,
  And colour lovely as your own.

II

Ah! Darling, see how soon, alas!
She loosed her treasures on the grass,
  Letting them fall on every side!
Nature is well named step-mother
When such a flower unloved by her
  Lasts but from morn till even-tide!

III

Therefore, if you believe me, Dear,
The while your life may still appear
  Clad in the greenest for its dress,
Gather, O gather all your Youth:
For Age, who showed the rose no ruth,
  Even so will dim your loveliness.

Ronsard and La Pléiade, p. 214, by GEORGE WYNDHAM.

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December 28

Holy Innocents.
Thomas Babington, 1st Lord Macaulay, d. 1859.

> Παῖδες γὰρ ἀνδρὶ κληδόνες σωτήριοι
> θανόντι. φελλοὶ δ' ὡς ἄγουσι δίκτυον,
> τὸν ἐκ βυθοῦ κλωστῆρα σώζοντες λίνου.
>
> AESCHYLUS, *Choephoroi*, 505.

> For children, when the tomb
> Demands the parent, with surviving glory
> Preserve his fame; the corks that buoy the line,
> And save the net from sinking to the bottom.
>
> R. POTTER.

No shade or faint haze of a doubt appears anywhere. The admirer of Macaulay has all the comfort in his studies that a votary of the Roman Catholic Church may have. He has an infallible guide. . . .

It is of late somewhat the fashion to disparage Macaulay. . . . The tendency of late is to assume that because Macaulay was brilliant he must necessarily be superficial. But Macaulay was not superficial. . . .

The world owes him something for having protested by precept and example against the absurd notion that the 'dignity of history' required of historians to be grave, pompous, and dull.

History of Our Own Times, chap. xxix,
by JUSTIN McCARTHY.

The history that piques itself on not being literature remains undisturbed on the shelf.

H. E. P. PLATT.

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December 29

Thomas à Becket murdered, 1170.
William Ewart Gladstone, b. 1809.

A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.

Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Knightsbridge on July 27, 1878.

December 30

Rudyard Kipling, b. 1865.

'Captain,' they cry, 'the fight is done,
They bid you send your sword.'
And he answered, 'Grapple her stern and bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall have it now;
Out cutlasses and board!'

R. KIPLING, *Ballad of the 'Clampherdown'*.

December 31

Alexander Smith, b. 1830.

No height so high, but you can fall from it.
Earth counts ten graves for every living man;
A single scroll contains our victories,
But 'tis a dreary volume that the names
Of our defeats o'erflow.

Edwin of Deira, Book I, by ALEXANDER SMITH.

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APPENDIX

THE CHARACTER OF A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone* gentilize, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, *alone*.

Table Talk, by S. T. COLERIDGE.

Whilest I goe about to give you the character of a true *Gentleman* I am faln into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary connexion betwixt these two, that they seem to be no more than the Different Names of the same man.

The Gentile Sinner, p. 178, by CLEMENT ELLIS (1661).

The True Gentleman is one that is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. . . . God is his Father, the Church is his mother, the Saints his brethren, all that need him his friends. . . . Devotion is his chaplain, Chastity his Chamberlain, Sobriety his Butler, Temperance his Cook, Hospitality his Housekeeper, Providence his Steward, Charity his Treasurer; Piety is his Mistress of the house, and Discretion the Porter, to let in or out, as is most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of his family. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to Heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can; and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words—he is a man, and a Christian.

Ibid., p. 179.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S PSALM

1. Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

2. Even he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

3. He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour: and hath not slandered his neighbour.

4. He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes: and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

5. He that sweareth unto his neighbour, and disappointeth him not: though it were to his own hindrance.

6. He that hath not given his money upon usury: nor taken reward against the innocent.

7. Whoso doeth these things: shall never fall.

Psalm xv.

4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

1 Corinthians xiii.

8. He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

9. Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

10. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another;

11. Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

12. Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

13. Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

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14. Bless them which persecute you: bless and curse not.

15. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

16. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

17. Recompense to no man evil for evil Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

18. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

19. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

20. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

21. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

Romans xii.

2. A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach;

3. Not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous;

4. One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.

1 Timothy iii.

The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

James iii. 17.

8. Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous:

9. Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing.

1 Peter iii.

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Esdras. Oct. 9.
Euripides. Nov. 2.

Fanshawe. March 26.
Fitchett. Sept. 14.
Fitz Gerald. Dec. 25.
Fraser. Oct. 19.

Genesis. May 5.
Gerard. Jan. 22.
Gibbon. April 27.
Gilfillan. Nov. 4.
Gladstone. May 19.

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Greek Anthology. March 17.
Gregory. Dec. 4.
Gribble. May 6.

Halhed. Nov. 20.
Hallam. April 23.
Harington. Nov. 20.
Harris. July 17.
Hawkins, A. H. Feb. 9; Sept. 29.
Hawkins, W. Nov. 13.
Hay, Ian. Aug. 12.
Hay, John. Oct. 8.
Hay, R. W. Nov. 27.
Hebrews. Sept. 29.
Herbert. March 3.
Hope, *vid.* Hawkins, A. H.
Horace. Jan. 17; Jan. 30; May 1; May 19; May 24; July 4; Aug. 1; Dec. 8; Dec. 9.
How. Aug. 2.
Hugo. May 22; Dec. 2.
Hunt. Jan. 28; March 23; Nov. 20; Nov. 29.
Huxley. June 29.

Isaiah. Feb. 29; June 18.

Job. Feb. 13; April 20; June 20.
Johnson. Dec. 13.
Juvenal. March 19; July 2.

Keats. Feb. 27.
Ken. March 19.
Khayyám. Dec. 25.
Kincaid. April 29.
Kings. March 30; July 4.
Kingsley. Jan. 23.
Kipling. Jan. 22; May 17; Sept. 30; Dec. 30.

Lamentations. Jan. 28.
Landor. Jan. 30; Sept. 10; Sept. 17.
Latham. Oct. 6.
Leigh. Aug. 2.
Leslie. Jan. 26; April 24.
Livy. Jan. 2.
Locker-Lampson. May 30.
Lockhart. Sept. 21.
Lorimer. April 29.
Loti. Jan. 14; Dec. 23.
Lucan. May 21.
Lucretius. July 14; Aug. 18.

Macaulay. May 17; May 29; July 29; Oct. 2.
Maccabees. Dec. 22.
Manning. Feb. 7.
Marcus Aurelius. March 17.
Marlowe. Feb. 26; June 19.
Marot. May 30.
Marryat. July 10.
Martial. May 1; Nov. 20.
Masefield. Dec. 3.
Maxwell. Aug. 21.
McCarthy. Dec. 28.
Meredith. April 14.
Merriman. April 4.
Milton. Feb. 24; Dec. 9.
Montenaeken. Aug. 15.
Moore, F. F. May 14.
Moore, T. April 13.
Morris. March 28; Nov. 19.

Napier. May 30.
Newbolt. June 6.
Newcastle. Dec. 25.

Oliphant. June 4.
Oman. Jan. 24; April 6; Sept. 14; Dec. 18.
Otway. March 3.
Oxenham. Sept. 4.

Page. Dec. 8.
Palmer. Jan. 21.
Palmerston. Oct. 20.
Peacock. Oct. 18.
Penn. July 30.
Pepys. Oct. 9.
Platt. Dec. 28.
Plumptre. March 19; Nov. 13.
Potter. Nov. 2; Dec. 28.
Praed. July 15.

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Prayer Book. Jan. 30; May 29; Nov. 5.
Preston. May 10.
Prior. Jan. 15; Sept. 18.
Proverbs. April 1.
Psalms. Aug. 24; Sept. 26; Nov. 19.
Punch. Feb. 7; March 15; Aug. 28.

Raleigh. Oct. 29.
Redesdale. May 26; July 23.
Ronsard. Dec. 27.
Rosebery. May 7.
Ruxton. July 10.

Samuel. June 25; Sept. 2; Sept. 15; Oct. 21.
Scott, M. Oct. 30.
Scott, W. May 15; Aug. 15; Nov. 30.
Seneca. April 9; Nov. 15.
Shadwell. Jan. 27; Nov. 19.
Shakespeare. Jan. 9, 11, 16, 17, 25; Feb. 19, 21; March 2, 5, 26; April 8, 23; May 11, 13, 28; June 28; July 16, 19, 27; August 9; Oct. 11; Nov. 8, 9, 29; Dec. 3.
Shirley. Oct. 29.
Sidley, April 9; Nov. 15.
Smith. Jan. 5; Dec. 31.
Southey. Aug. 13.
Spenser. Aug. 4; Oct. 9; Dec. 3.
Spielmann. Feb. 7; Aug. 28.
St. James. Jan. 25.
St. Matthew. June 2; July 16.
St. Peter. June 3.
Stanhope. March 24; April 29; May 5.
Stephen. April 7.
Stevenson. Dec. 3.
Suetonius. June 24.
Swinburne. Feb. 6; April 5.

Tacitus. July 21.
Tennyson. Aug. 6; Sept. 25; Dec. 14.
Thackeray. June 18; Oct. 25.
Timothy. Nov. 24.
Trevelyan. April 27.
Trollope. April 24; Dec. 6.

Virgil. Sept. 4; Nov. 14.
Voltaire. Sept. 14.

Wales. Feb. 14.
Walton. Dec. 15.
Ward. Nov. 1.
Warwick. Aug. 23.
Watson. Aug. 9; Dec. 26.
Watts. July 13.
Wellington. April 29; May 5.
Wells. Sept. 21.
White. June 26.
Whitman. May 31.
Wisdom. July 4.
Wister. Sept. 10; Dec. 16.
Wyndham. Dec. 27.

Zangwill. Feb. 14; Feb. 27.

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